Vol. CXXIX. No. 1678.

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THE BYSTANDER. JANUARY 29, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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Edward VIII.

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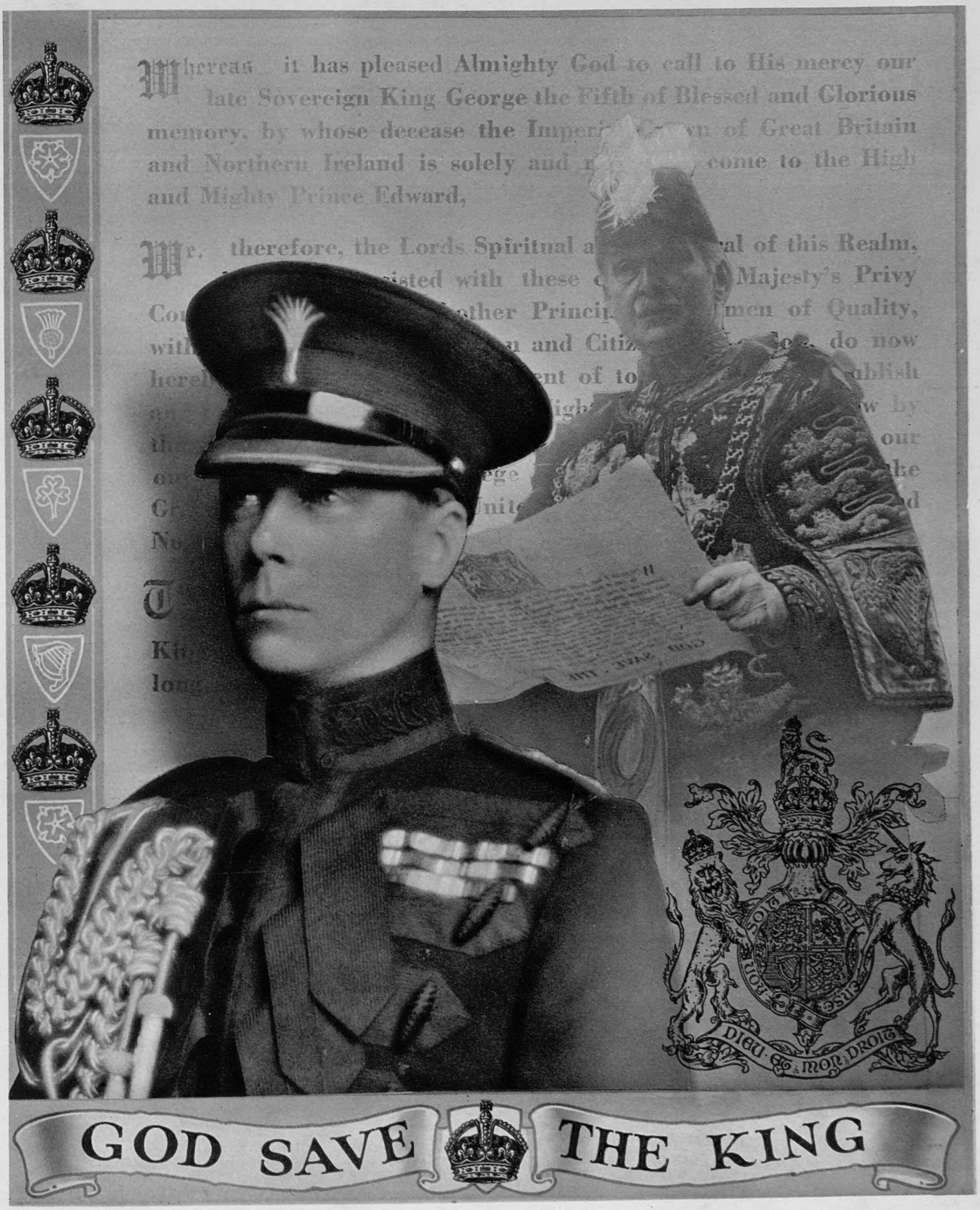
The Bystander, January 29, 1936

No. 1676. Vol. CXXIX.

The BYSTANDER



George the Fifth — A Tribute

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

SURPRISINGLY enough, the French—who, after thousands of years of close propinquity, know about as much of us as we do of them—made a better shot a few days ago at the secret of George the Fifth's hold over his subjects than any English panegyrist. The Paris paper *Le Jour* said about the King, then gravely ill:

He is loved as a father of his people. Everything is dignity, honour, almost a patriarchal comprehension of life in the glass prison of his palace. . . . This crowned bourgeois, who has lived with pomp, fulfilling all his duties, must undoubtedly win over to the idea of Parliamentary Monarchy many of those who think that peoples, like families, cannot do without a father . . .

This would be a little less surprising if it came from a Royalist organ like the *Action Française*. As a matter of fact, *Le Jour* expresses the state of republican feeling about the late King in more countries, possibly, than France. George Seddon wrote an article in the New York *Vanity Fair* for last December which, in its slightly acidulated way, was a quite notable tribute to the Representative of a system which true American citizens are bound by their Constitution to abhor—though masses of them notoriously don't. Said Mr. Seddon, trying to probe the secret of George the Fifth:

Only very disgruntled or theoretical people would deny that it is his personality which holds together that reluctant entity, the British Empire. . . . Stolidity, impartiality, conscientiousness, diligence—these are his distinctive qualities, and these are qualities which are dearest to the Anglo-Saxon heart. It is these, Englishmen flatter themselves, which have made them what they are, though what they are it might be difficult to explain.

The *Times* itself on the morning after the King's death echoed this considered judgment very curiously:

Though not of such quick parts as his father, he was remarkably painstaking, orderly, and thorough; indeed, in natural diligence he was comparable with his grandmother, Queen Victoria.

EVIDENTLY then, little as we suspected it, the King's characteristics were as patent to foreign observers as to his own subjects. He did his job. Handicapped at his accession by the masterful personality of the father he succeeded, handicapped perhaps almost as much by that dashing reputation as a vert galant which endeared Edward VII. to the populace, as it did Charles II., George V. began his reign in no blaze of popularity. He seemed rather dim, rather dull. His sincere passion for the sea had endowed him, apparently, with none of that forthright breeziness which is commonly identified—and how erroneously!—with the sailor's character.

The name of George, introduced first into our island Monarchy by the powerful Whig nobles who had inherited the spoil of the Reformation, notably lacked glamour. George the First was a red-faced Hanoverian boor; doughty little George the Second hardly better; George the Third, though Dr. Johnson praised his manners, was more respectable than intelligent; George the Fourth—well, everybody knows about him, his friends, his mistresses, his pleasures, and, beyond a dilettante patronage of art, his complete nullity. George the Fifth showed the world that a George of the Hanoverian succession may lack the brilliance of, say, an Edward IV., the flamboyance of a Henry VIII., and the wit of a Charles II., and yet impose his worth on a more distracted world than they ever knew. He did this, as has been remarked already, by doing his job, methodically and unswervingly; by cleaving, in an age of false values and whirling imbecility, to the antique virtues; by devoting his whole life to the service of his Empire; by becoming in a very real sense the father of his people.

The American commentator already quoted dates this last manifestation from King George's severe illness in 1928; during which, he says, the British nation and their King alike became aware of it for the first time. This may be true. At all events, the realisation has held ever since. Among other things, it was becoming known by then that George V. was not a figurehead, but that he was intimately acquainted with every kind of State business; that he discussed the problems of the day with experts and digested them with conscientious thoroughness; that, although he never forced his views on a Minister, he spoke his mind; and that in everything he did he was uniformly simple, forthright, laborious, and sincere. What Max Beerbohm calls "the blue, the prominent family eye" missed very little.

His speeches, and such messages to the Nation as the one he issued during the General Strike of 1926, were for the most part strikingly devoid of conventional platitude, temperate, conciliatory, and sound. He tried by personal appeals to the Kaiser and the Tsar to avert the Great War, right up to its outbreak. A little before he had summoned a conference to try to avert civil war in Ireland. In that dark year of national crisis, 1931, it was King George who, gathering and consulting his Ministers at Balmoral, suggested the formation of a National Government; and his subsequent cutting the Civil List by £50,000 showed that his sympathy with the difficulties of his people was not sentimental.

THE spare, small, trim figure, lately bowed and visibly ageing, has so long been the centre of growing national affection that its absence brings a sense of personal loss. Broadsheets of homely sorrowing verse were hawked about the streets of London when "our dear Dad" Edward the Seventh died. Something of Henri Quatre about that rich personality and skilful diplomat made him a popular figure at home and abroad. George the Fifth, whose qualities were less spectacular and displayed with less panache, lived in stormier days and encountered triumphantly more than one hazard which might have sent a throne less secure toppling headlong. His death leaves the British throne as firmly established, humanly speaking, as if the world had never heard of Bolshevism. His reign began in well-bred placidity and has ended in the hurly-burly of a new and rather vulgar world of frenzy and restlessness, driven on towards whatever its ultimate goal may be by all the demons of noise and high speed.

Amid the din a simple gentleman pursued his daily task and acquitted himself with honour of the work he was appointed to do. His first Christmas broadcast in 1932—and what a voice that was!—expressed in his own words what he strove for:

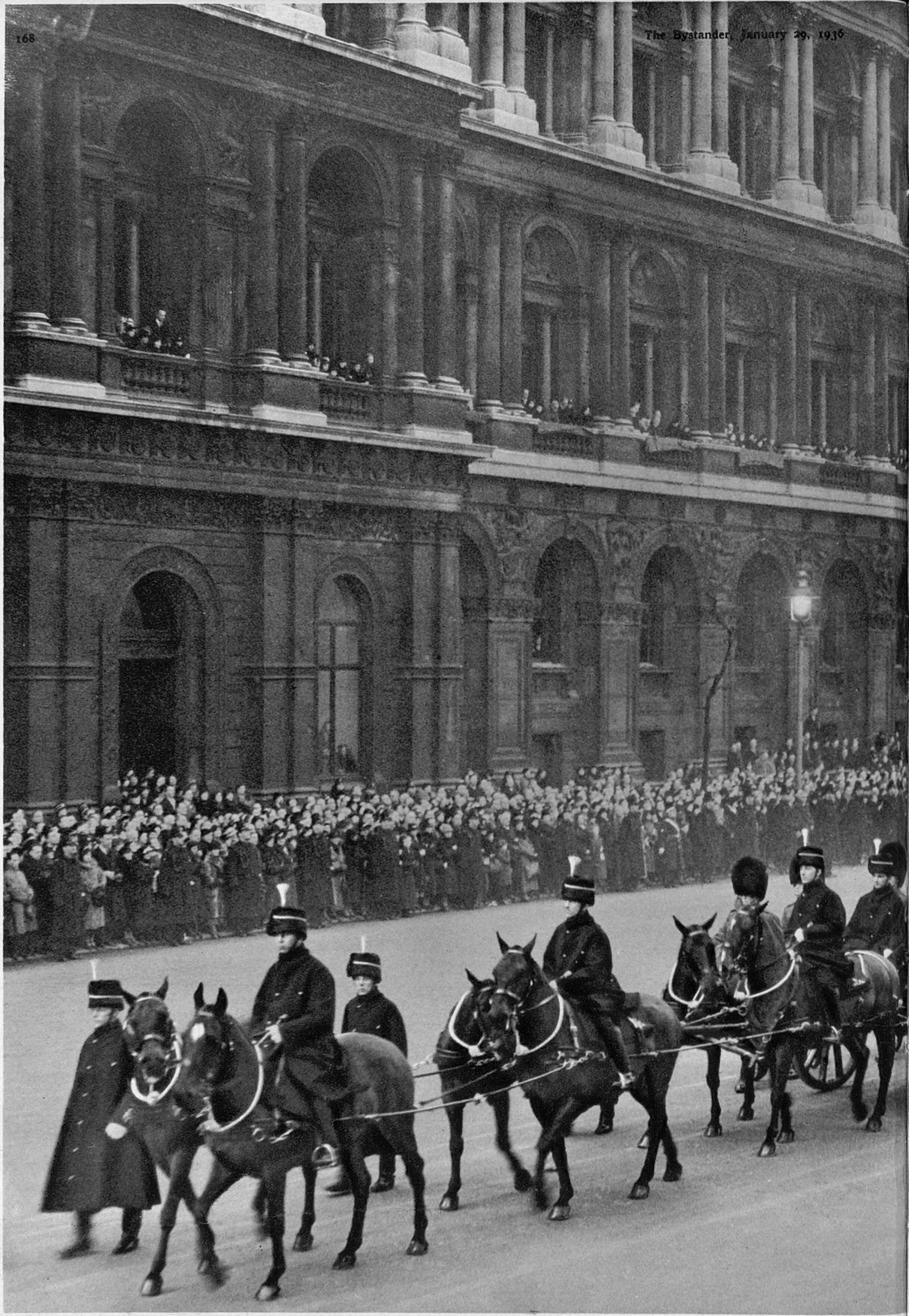
To arrive at a reasoned tranquillity within our borders, to regain prosperity without self-seeking, and to carry with us those whom the burden of past years has disheartened or overcome—my life's aim has been to serve as I might towards those ends.

As has been justly remarked, those simple and moving sentences might be the epitaph King George would have chosen for himself. What ruler could desire or deserve a better?

Norman Parkinson

THE LYING-IN-STATE

From Thursday until yesterday the body of King George lay in state in Westminster Hall, where eight months before the Silver Jubilee congratulations of the Houses of Parliament had been offered to him. The coffin was covered with the Imperial Standard, on which lay the Imperial State Crown and the Orb. The catafalque was guarded on Thursday by four Yeomen of the Guard, four Gentlemen-at-Arms, and four officers of the Life Guards. Officers of all battalions of the Brigade of Guards have taken their turns during the four days of lying-in-state, while thousands and thousands of mourners have passed by the coffin, paying their last homage to their dead King



King George Comes Back to London

Armistice Day memories of King George were in every mind as the small, silent funeral procession passed the Cenotaph last Thursday. For its journey to Westminster Hall, the dead King's coffin, covered with the Royal Standard and bearing the Imperial State Crown and the Queen's flowers, lay on a gun-carriage drawn by a Royal Horse Artillery team; behind it walked the King, his brothers and brother-in-law, and officers of the Household. Nothing could have been more moving than the pathetic and simple dignity of the funeral cortège, which passed more quickly than realisation came that this was King George's last State procession to Westminster

THE KING PASSES

LONDON, *January 24th, 1936*

WITH one thought and one thought only filling every mind, it is difficult to collect one's impressions of the past week in London, but, for myself, I shall not easily forget that poignant moment on leaving the charity film performance at the London Pavilion on Monday night and suddenly reading—"THE KING DYING." Then, and then only, did I realise to the full how extraordinarily personal the loss is to each one of us and that the ties which bound the King to his people were formed not only of respect and admiration but also of deep and lasting affection.

It is no secret that, as well as being deeply moved, King George was genuinely surprised at the wonderfully spontaneous enthusiasm with which he was greeted by his people at the Jubilee, and that afterwards he said: "I had no idea that they felt like that about us." In these first sad days it is perhaps some small measure of consolation to remember that his Jubilee and all that it meant must still have been fresh in the King's mind until the end. He had never sought popularity—such a thought was altogether alien to his nature—but quietly and without conscious effort he won the love of his people—a love to which they gave full expression on that dazzling Jubilee day.

WITH King George duty to his people came first, and it never occurred to that essentially staunch and selfless character that anything could challenge its supremacy. Doctors urged him to spend at least part of the winter in some sunnier climate, but he refused even to discuss such suggestions, and nothing would shake his determination to remain where always he wished to be—in the midst of his people.

In the moments when he was able to free himself from the cares and anxieties that must so ceaselessly have beset him, the King turned to his home life to find the rest and relaxation that he needed, and the simple family atmosphere with which he surrounded himself was another link uniting him with the humblest of his subjects.

TO succeed such a father is a destiny that is almost frightening, but Edward VIII. does not lack courage, and as everyone knows, he has worked unremittingly so that he should not be found wanting when the moment came for his own reign to commence. Young and boyish-looking, there is something verging on the pathetic about the new King which makes one realise the loneliness that must now inevitably be his. But by his years of apprenticeship, coupled with his unequalled personal charm, King Edward has already won the devotion of his subjects, and in that very bond of affection he will find strength for the years that lie ahead.

IT seems almost impertinent to break in upon the grief of that very great Lady the Queen, but the whole nation—and, indeed, the Empire—has offered her its affectionate sympathy in the loss not of a great and beneficent King, but of a devoted husband. Although he was not given to any display of emotion, few who heard it will forget the momentary break that came into King George's voice when he spoke of "My dear wife" on that memorable day in Westminster Hall last summer.

AS always in moments of great happiness or great sorrow, it was to "the Palace" that people instinctively turned during that anxious week-end, and all through the night there was an endless succession of those who came to scan the latest bulletin, many of whom had obviously walked a long way through the cold streets and not merely stepped out of a waiting motor-car or cab. When the final notice had been posted and everyone knew that "Death came peacefully to the King," a long queue was formed and passed silently and sadly by—some pausing to glance upwards at the dark balcony on which they had so often cheered their King.

In the clubs and restaurants people lingered anxiously on long after the music and the dancing ceased early in the evening. Quiet little groups spoke of the King's kindliness; an artist remembered being given a whole day's holiday at his preparatory school for the Coronation;

a woman who had been a nurse during the war told of crossing the Channel in a hospital-ship and watching the King go by on his way to visit his Army at the Front; and a grey-haired waiter showed me the sovereign on his watch-chain that the King had given him years ago.

It is no conventional mourning that the nation wears, and no decree was needed for it to be assumed. The common impulse to show some outward sign of sorrow swept overwhelmingly through the country last Tuesday, and in a few hours almost everyone had some touch of black about them. To many of us a black tie, dress or hat is easily acquired if we do not happen to have them already, but such things are beyond the reach of thousands. Even so, they will not be denied, and I think few more affecting tributes have been paid to the late King than in those very poor districts through some of which he drove during his Jubilee celebrations. Then the decorations were miracles of loyal ingenuity, but now there is something infinitely touching in these scraps of rather rusty black carefully arranged in many humble windows.

Outside one block of tenement buildings near Petticoat Lane I came upon four small children busily engaged in covering with boot blacking the gaily-painted surround of an old chocolate-box lid bearing King George's picture, which they told me they had just begged from the grocer. As I went on through the narrow streets I could hear many eager reminiscences—"He gave our Alf such a smile, he did, all to 'is self, and what 's more, he could 'ave put out 'is 'and and touched 'im, 'e was that close"—all showing the almost possessive affection in which King George was held.

On Thursday, without panoply of state and with no troops to line his path, they brought King George from his country home as simply as if he had been but the Squire of Sandringham. He arrived at Westminster in a clear, bluish winter twilight that sharpened the outlines of the flags fluttering everywhere at half-mast and made the lamps seem unnecessary. Quietly the people waited, and when at last the small, sad procession wended its way past the Cenotaph to Parliament Square, it was only the gleaming Imperial Crown and the Royal Standard wrapped about the coffin which lent it a touch of regal splendour. There were no flowers save those from the Queen and from her children, but as the gun-carriage drew level with my place in the crowd I watched a middle-aged woman unpin a bunch of violets from her coat and lay it swiftly and almost furtively on the sanded roadway.

Looking strained and worn, King Edward followed on into Westminster Hall with his three brothers as Big Ben struck four. Then, for a quarter of an hour the crowds outside remained in their places as though they were on guard, and the only movement was that of the mounted police, the ambulance men, and the constant busy flight of the pigeons and the sparrows. Suddenly the Royal Standard was hoisted at half-mast on the Victoria Tower and the Union Jack lowered, and a few moments later the new King drove by, seated beside his mother, who gravely inclined her head in response to the silent greetings of the crowd.

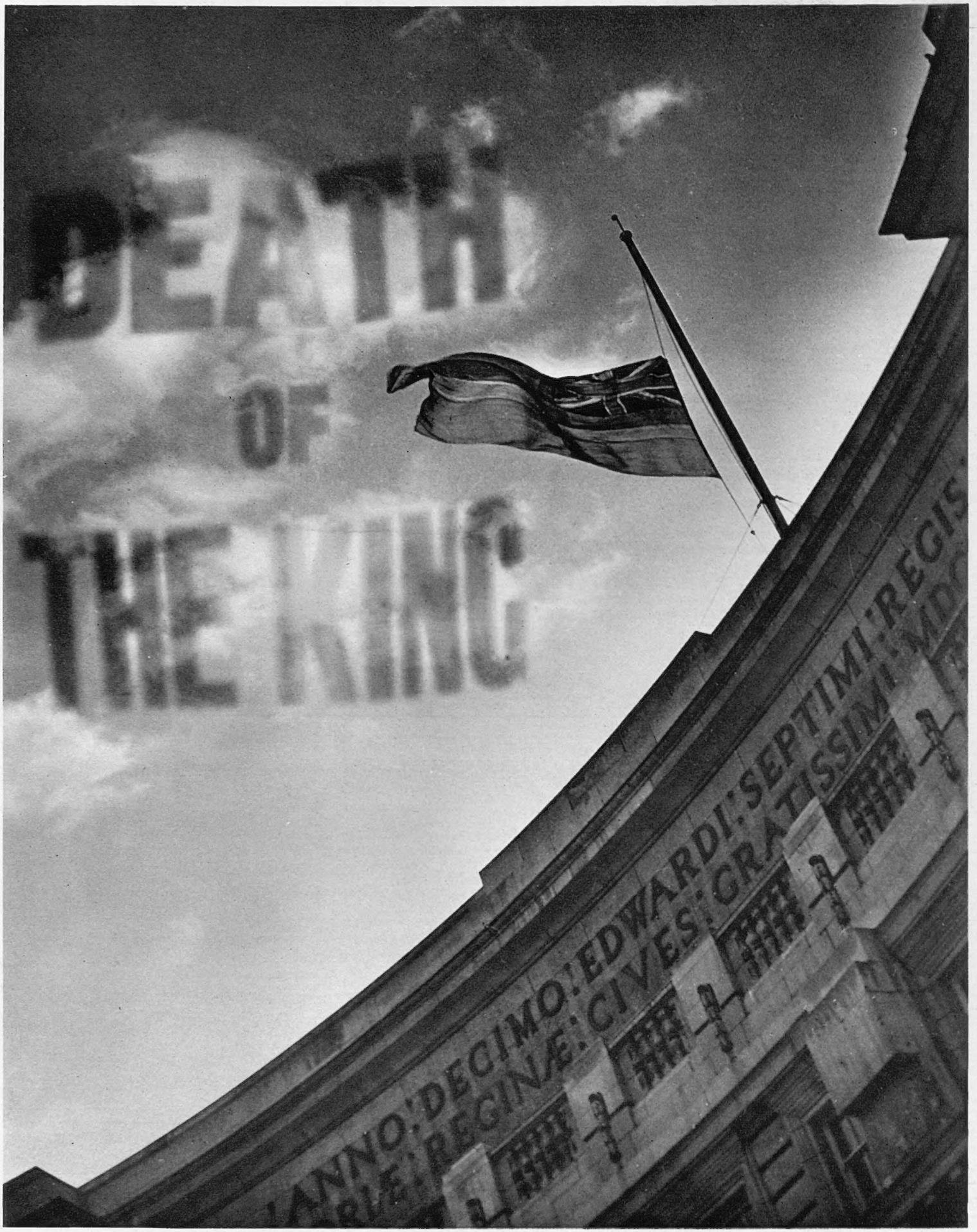
So we left King George waiting in the very heart of his Empire until, with the beginning of a new day, there commenced that ceaseless procession which passed before him from early morning until long after dusk during the four days that he lay in state. Endless though that queue seemed, no one thought of turning back; even the small children seemed awed by the sombre pilgrimage that filed past the dead King. Watched over by motionless Guards officers, and with tall candles standing about the coffin, it was the cold, still atmosphere of the great Hall that struck me most, so tragic was the comparison with the bright sunshine of that summer day when King George went to receive the loyal congratulations of the Houses of Parliament.

Yesterday (January 28th) the nation took its last farewell of King George V., and as he passed slowly to his resting-place there was not one amongst his people gathered to do him honour who did not feel—There goes a great King and a good man whom I counted as my friend.

P. S.

The King Follows His Father's Coffin

That long walk from King's Cross to Westminster last Thursday was King Edward's first public appearance in London since his Accession. He looked sad and very tired; all the sympathy of the huge, quiet crowds that lined the streets was silently offered to him as he passed by



Norman Parkinson

London, January 21st, 1936

In Memoriam: George the Faithful

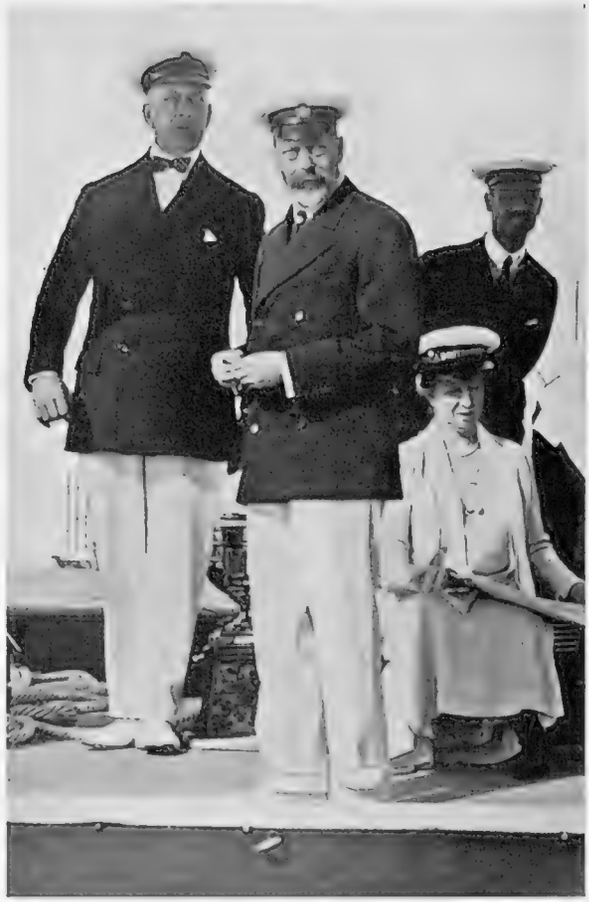
Photograph by courtesy of the "Times"

The King As He Spoke To His People

Chosen Pictures: King George V. As His People Will Remember Him

The Crowning Day of His Reign

A memory of Jubilee Day, 1935, when the King and Queen drove through the sunny London streets, through the cheering crowds of their loyal and happy subjects, to the Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's



On Board the Britannia

A holiday picture of the King as yachtsman, taken on board the Britannia at Cowes

The Most Popular Racehorse-Owner in England: the King's Derby Day Smile

The King on His Charger at the Trooping of the Colour: a Picture that Thousands of Londoners Will Hold in Their Memory

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo

No. 5. Simon Elwes

SIMON ELWES says he is a genuine case of pre-natal influence. His mother, Lady Winifred Elwes, was determined to have a painter in the family. So she studied art and art galleries, and even did a bit of painting herself. The result was that though her son inherited the tenor voice of his famous father, and still feels that he was meant to be a musician, he has become the most successful young portrait-painter in London. But his path until five years ago was not an easy one. Having been taken from the Oratory at the age of sixteen, so that he could be started young at the Slade, he proved so idle that the great Tonks wrote to his mother to say that he had no talent, and she might as well take him away, which she did. And Simon was sent to a French family at Meaux, just to learn the language.

THEN came the psychological moment in his life. He met a Belgian refugee, Mme. La Forge, who aroused all his latent interest in painting, gave him the run of her studio, and, above all, encouraged him to start again where he had left off. Several months' study in Paris was followed by the death of his father, and at the age of twenty, having borrowed the price of the fare, he made his way to New York, where he rapidly repaid the loan by doing charcoal drawings at anything from five pounds to twenty pounds apiece.

During this visit, he drew President Harding from life, and then, flushed with success and the heat, returned to England. Whereupon Tonks wrote to say that he was delighted that his drastic action had made him (Simon) pull himself together, as he had presumed it would.

Ensued a period of undistinguished hard work, until his portrait of Mrs. James Beck was hung at the Academy of 1930. That completely turned the tide of his fortune. A flood of orders poured in next day, and has done so ever since.

To-day he has a fine corner house in Cambridge Square, and a studio in Fulham. It is typical of his restless vitality that he walks there and back every day, and by as many different routes as he can choose. For he gets easily bored—and easily depressed by his work. ("The endless cumulative effect of never getting what you really want.") This moodiness is betrayed by long stretches of silence and even longer walks than usual—sometimes from Paddington to St. Paul's and back at three a.m., but always accompanied by Smith the Sealyham.

Copper-plate looks; hands only equalled in size by Carnera's; a habit of losing his pocket-book and another of eating the ends of his most expensive paint-brushes; a gift for painting quickly, and a mania for ballet; a pretty wife and three sons, are other attributes of this fortunate young man, who is so successful that he has to have a business manager. On the whole, he finds it easier to paint men, but prefers to paint women who have a touch of the fey in their expression. Thus the three women he would most like to paint are Lady Charles Cavendish, Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, and Katharine Hepburn.

CHARLES GAY

The Hon. Moya Beresford

A February Bride

and her

Chief Matron of Honour

The Hon. Moya Beresford, Lord Decies' younger daughter, is being married on February 25th, at the Brompton Oratory, to the Hon. Patrick Bellew, Lord Bellew's half-brother. She's having a huge procession of attendants at her wedding—two train-bearers, four matrons of honour, two child bridesmaids, and six or seven grown-up ones. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien, is chief matron of honour, and little Maureen O'Brien shares the train-bearing honours with Hugh Sassoon. Mrs. O'Brien married in 1931, and Maureen, the elder of her two daughters, is nearly four years old. The wedding is to be a white and silver one, with the Hon. George Beresford, the bride's brother, who comes of age in April this year, as Patrick Bellew's best man

Photographs by Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien

• Second Thoughts on First Nights

Could You Believe It?

"Page from a Diary" (Garrick Theatre)

HAVE you a nice, simple taste in plays, with no silly ideas about subtlety, or dramatic construction, and above all, no obstinate insistence on a probable plot? If so, do go and see the good, hearty English melodrama at the Garrick Theatre. You will enjoy it; for it is good of its kind. Everything suitable is provided: there is the honest British officer holding the fort against tremendous odds; his wife, a frail being in exquisite négligée, who seems quite content to be on the North-West Frontier at one of its less peaceful moments. (By the way, who gave the gallant Captain leave to take his wife to hold the fort with him?) There is native, and, we hope, not licentious, soldiery, and there is a good supply of every kind of firearm, used with no sparing hand. There is also the villain, a sinister Russian, Vetier (Ernst Deutsch), who can have no possible right to be joining in all this good British fun.

THE play, according to the now popular plan, starts at the end. We see the villainous Russian shot by the hand of Vivienne Maitland (Greer Garson), and as this high-handed action needs some justification, we are, in the second act, swept back eighteen years, to the aforesaid fort on the North-West Frontier, where the girl's parents are indeed seeing life. The woman behaves in a quite impossibly idiotic manner: she admits her passion for the Russian, a most revolting person, and in the intervals of scenes with her husband, who, oddly enough, does not seem to understand her infatuation, she writes her diary up to date for the future benefit of her little one at home. All this time the fort is being attacked by machine-guns, but the good old relief column arrives in the nick of time, to the stirring strains of the bagpipes, and Captain Victor Glennie (Nicholas Hannen) has a brain-storm (or a brain-wave) and shoots his wife.

WE go back to Monte Carlo in the third act, and move so rapidly from hour to hour that it is difficult to remember the time, which is rather important; however, a glance at the clock reveals that it is always 2 o'clock, despite the obliging way it strikes eleven. The vile Vetier rejoices that Fate has thrown Victor once more in his path, and hopes, by means of the incriminating diary, to prove that he deliberately murdered his wife. However, as we saw in the first few moments, he was very properly bumped off by the daughter of the first Vivienne. The only possible witness for the prosecution is an amiable old gentleman who has been mending the telephone, and he is easily persuaded to become an accessory after the fact in such a righteous cause.

THE acting is good. Greer Garson has deservedly made a meteoric flight to stardom and plays with great sincerity and admirable restraint; Nicholas Hannen, polished and experienced actor as he is, seemed a little surprised at himself; H. A. Saintsbury gave a clever little sketch of a mullah, presumably mad? Ernst Deutsch, whose technique is peculiar, is no doubt intended to convey a picture of Vetier as a man with an utterly revolting personality. In this he succeeded admirably.

Nemesis overtakes the secret lovers, Vivienne and Boris (Greer Garson and Ernst Deutsch)

Sketches by Rouson

Captain Victor Glennie, the deceived husband (Nicholas Hannen)

Mr. Benger, the telephone mechanic, assumes sudden importance by holding the key to the problem (George Elton)

Photograph by Anthony

Lucie Mannheim

Is Going to Play Nora in Ibsen's *A Doll's House*

Lucie Mannheim's playing of her double part in "Nina" has been a great success, and the play reached its hundred and fiftieth performance at the Criterion last week. Later on, Miss Mannheim is going to appear as Nora in "A Doll's House," which is to be put on either for a series of matinées or after "Nina" comes off. This was one of her finest parts at the Berlin State Theatre; she has given the play endless study, and will use a modernised and cut version of her own which was very well received in Germany. Cecil Parker, who plays Lucie Mannheim's husband in "Nina" and practically specialises in second-fiddle but rather intelligent husbands, will be Helmer in "A Doll's House." Later still, the German actress is going to America to try "Nina" on Broadway and perhaps on the screen

Hay Wrightson

The Queen

To whom in her sorrow all the peoples of the Empire offer their deep sympathy and loyal affection

"I AM DETERMINED TO FOLLOW IN MY FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS . . .

. . . And to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects. I place my reliance upon the loyalty and affection of my peoples throughout the Empire, and upon the wisdom of their Parliaments, to support me in this heavy task, and I pray that God will guide me to perform it." *Part of King Edward VIII.'s Declaration to the Privy Council at its Accession Meeting*

"Ich

Recollections of the New

"WE can best honour the noble memory of King George by gathering round and sustaining the young King whom for so long we have delighted to know as the Prince of Wales. All eyes are upon him as he advances to his father's place, and, while he is no stranger to public duty, he is now summoned to face responsibilities more onerous, more exacting, more continuous, than

1917: Edward VIII. as Prince of Wales accompanied his father on his visit to the Armies in France

1922: the Prince of Wales inspecting Wolf Cubs at a Boy Scouts' Rally at Alexandra Palace; already he had begun to establish himself as a leader and inspirer of Great Britain's youth

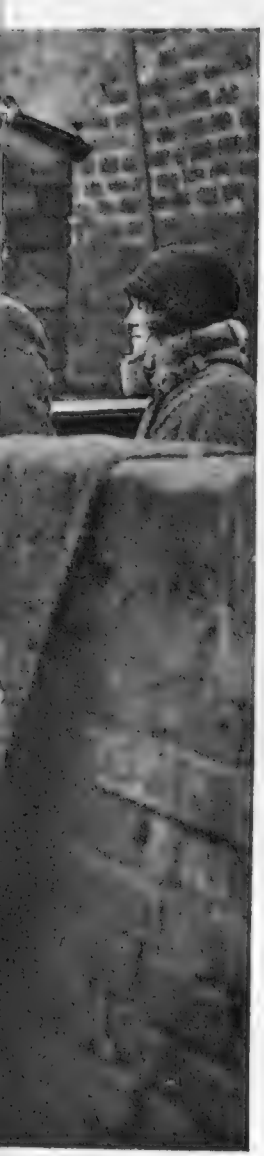
1929: the Prince in a Mining Village During One of His Tours of the

Right:
1935: the Prince of Wales at the War-Disabled Ex-Servicemen's Exhibition

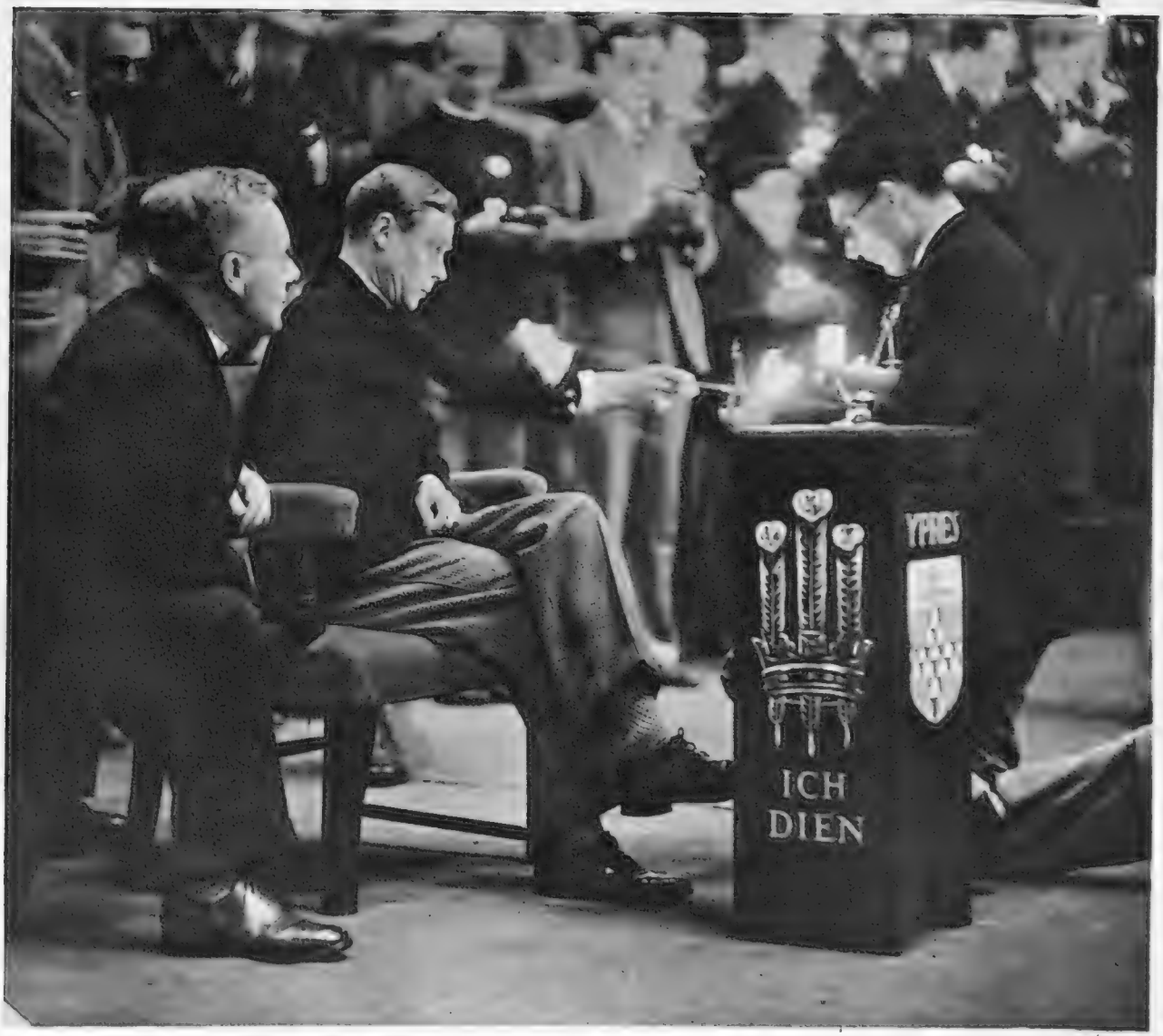
Dien"—I Serve

King's Fine and Devoted Apprenticeship

any he has hitherto been asked to discharge. He comes to them in the prime of his powers, and already known throughout the length and breadth of his Empire. His great gifts of mind and heart he is now called upon to consecrate to his people. He inherits an example of kingly conduct, of virtue, of wisdom and of endurance"
—*From the Prime Minister's Broadcast tribute*



Distressed Areas



1933: the Eighteenth Birthday Festival of Toc H, of Which the New King is Patron

London Reflects the Spirit of the Hour

The Hour of the King's Passing: a Memorable Study of St. James's Palace

Lowered Flag and Rising Fountain: an Impression of Trafalgar Square

Photographs specially taken for the "Bystander" by Norman Parkinson

(1) ***Polo:*** *the Prince goes out to play in a Hurlingham match in 1921*

(2) ***Hunting:*** *a meet of the Beaufort in 1923. For several years the Prince kept his horses at Melton and hunted regularly from there*

(3) ***Steeplechasing:*** *the Prince riding his "Just an Idea" in the 12th Lancers' Hunt Cup at Larkhill in 1923*

(4) ***Shooting:*** *an expedition at Qu' Appelle Lake during the Prince's Canadian tour in 1919*

(5) ***Flying:*** *the new King has for some years been the most air-minded member of the Royal Family*

The New Ki

All the Popularity Horseman, Pilot, While He Was

ng As a Sportsman

Due to a Keen and Courageous Games Player He Earned Prince of Wales

(6) ***Big-Game Hunting:*** *a tiger shoot in Nepal during the Prince's Indian tour of 1921-2*

(7) ***Racing:*** *the Prince and Brig.-Gen. G. F. Trotter in the paddock at Epsom in 1923*

(8) ***Golf:*** *the game that probably tops the new King's list of favourite sports*

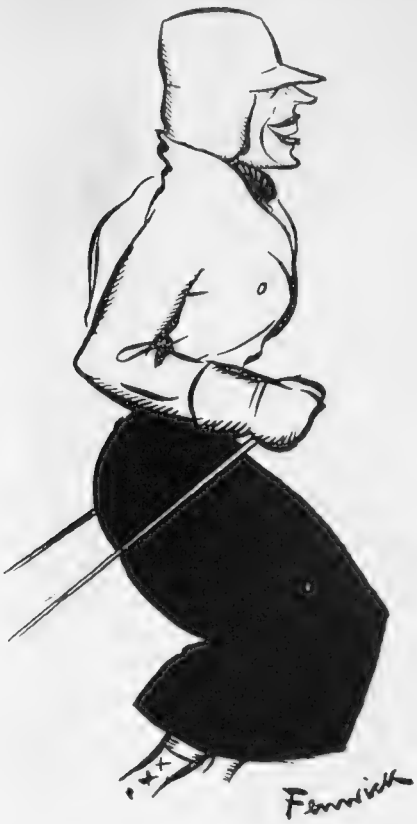
(9) ***Tennis:*** *Charles Jagger's statue was inspired by the Prince of Wales as tennis-player, but squash has equally been one of his games*

Self-Portrait in the Snows

Those ski-tips, advance guard of the photographer's action-stance, form part of a snow scene that 's original and lovely from the camera's point of view, and only too absorbedly watched by the downcast-eyed beginner. Norman Parkinson took this photograph at Lech-am-Arlberg, a small Austrian ski-ing village two hours' sleigh-drive from the nearest railway station

Oberland Attitudes

Ian Fenwick Sends Home Holiday Work from Grindelwald



Mrs. Chamier is a lion-hearted ski-er and a member of the Canadian Olympic team

Arnold Lunn, pivot round which ski-ing revolves, came down from his mountain stronghold, Mürren, to visit Grindelwald. His son, Peter Lunn, is captaining the British Olympic team

Miss Alan Butler is captain of the Canadian women's team for Garmisch, and is also well known in the air-world

Miss "Wendy" Sale-Barker has been ski-ing and bobbing at Grindelwald. She's probably the best-known ski-er on the feminine side England's ever produced, and has just as far-flung a reputation among fliers

Overheard in the Oberland

"This Swiss life's a bit inclined to make one liverish, you know"

Miss Jean Coates

Below: Miss Pamela Alston-Roberts-West

Miss Joyce Daphne Duff

Debutantes of 1936

Jean Ann Dorothy Coates *is the only daughter of the late Sir William Coates, and of Lady Coates; her father was a first Member of the Senate of Northern Ireland; her brother, Frederick Gregory Lindsay, became second Baronet in 1932, when he was sixteen. Jean Coates is seventeen this year*

Pamela Alston-Roberts-West *is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. Alston-Roberts-West, of Hove, Sussex. Her father is related to Lord de la Warr; her mother, who will be bringing her out, was a Cradock-Hartopp. Pamela Alston-Roberts-West is a keen tennis player, skater, and, above all, dancer*

Joyce Daphne Duff *is the elder daughter of Captain the Rev. P. G. Duff and Lady Mary Duff. Her father was Chaplain to the Forces; her mother is Lord Mayo's daughter, and Joyce Daphne is his eldest granddaughter. She lives with her parents at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and plays the 'cello very well*

Katharine Ogilvy *is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. F. M. Ogilvy, who live at Pencaitland, in East Lothian; was born in 1916. Her uncle is Sir Herbert Kinnaird Ogilvy, the twelfth Baronet, who married Lady Augusta Bruce, Lord Elgin's daughter*

Heather Nugent *is another Irish debutante; elder daughter of Sir Walter Richard Nugent and Lady Nugent; was born in 1917. Her father, the fourth Baronet, is a Director of the Bank of Ireland, and a Steward of the Turf Club. Her mother owned Lacator, winner of the Welsh National last year. Heather Nugent herself is a keen horsewoman and rider to hounds*

Left: Miss Katharine Ogilvy

Photographs by Hay Wrightson

Miss Heather Nugent

Miss Cecilia Sprot

Cecilia Doriel Sprot *is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Mark Sprot. Her father was in the Scots Greys, and her mother is the sister of Sir Duncan Hay of Haystoun, who owns about 6000 acres near Peebles. The Sprots' place is in Roxburghshire, where Cecilia Sprot hunts with the Duke of Buccleuch's. She is nineteen*

"Bystander" Short Story No. 22

Deus ex Machinâ

By Neil Bell

He was clearly, in his own words, "in the pink"

Illustration by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

YOUNG MR. JAMES PELLEY, of Twystt, Cozen, Pelley and Twystt, Solicitors, would have described himself as the least superstitious of men, and, indeed, tended towards the dogmatic in his denunciation of those foolish folk who believed in ghosts. "No sober man," he would say emphatically, "has ever seen a ghost, nor ever will." As for spiritualism and mediums, he was even more downright. "Spiritualism is plain bunkum," was his verdict, delivered in his legal manner, "and mediums a set of charlatans and rascals." Since a solicitor is by way of being an authority on rascality, Mr. Pelley's opinion in these matters must be allowed some weight.

BUT there was a chink in Mr. Pelley's armour of scepticism; he had an odd belief in the virtue of numbers; or, at least, in a single number—seven—which he considered his lucky number. He did not, of course, express it so banally, so tritely; and, indeed, there was a half-humorous, half-deprecating tone in his voice when he mentioned his belief, which was meant to remind his listeners that, as a man of intelligence and education, possessing to boot the advantage of a legal training, he was not subject to the foolish fancies of the vulgar, but nevertheless he was impartial and broad-minded enough to admit that there were a few things in life which seemed to elude a strictly logical explanation. And one of those few things was the queer part the number seven had played in his life; and always a fortunate part. It must be noted in parenthesis that Mr. Pelley did not use the epithet "lucky"; his legal mind denied the existence of any such thing as luck; the word and all it connoted was abhorrent to him. "Luck? Nonsense!" he had said upon more than one occasion; "Luck is a word which the stupid, the lazy, and the ne'er-do-well use to describe the assiduity of the successful." But this number seven, in so far as it concerned his life, was in a different category. He was born, he would beg one to note, on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year 1907. We may pause here to observe that since Mr. Pelley considered the day upon which he arrived upon the earth as a fortunate day for him, he was clearly a happy and healthy young man and, conversely, that Solon, the Athenian statesman who said "Call no man happy till he is dead," was a miserable and sick old curmudgeon.

THERE were other remarkable examples of the influence of seven in Mr. Pelley's life. He was, as he would smilingly point out, the seventh child of his parents; at the age of fourteen (two sevens) his grandfather had died and left him seven hundred pounds; at the age of twenty-one (three sevens) his father died, and his share of the estate was a clear two hundred a year; while on the greatest day of his life, so far, when playing for Oxford against the Gentlemen of England, he had carried his bat for seventy-seven. It does not, perhaps, become a mere chronicler to point out that doubtless Mr. Pelley ignored all those occasions when the number seven had no fortunate character in his regard, or was even unfortunate; such unworthy probing would destroy all cherished illusions.

He was, it has already been noted, young, healthy, and happy. He had every reason for happiness, for besides his youth and his health he was an extremely good-looking and engaging young man; his partnership brought him twelve hundred a year, and it was reckoned in legal circles that he would certainly make a name for himself; finally, he was a bachelor, with a very pleasant service flat in Victoria Avenue, Surbiton. One last touch must be added to his portrait: he was introspective, and his mind was usually so preoccupied that he often walked the whole length of Victoria Avenue (nearly two miles) without noticing a single passer-by.

HE walked every morning from his flat to the station because he preferred walking, and it was a means of getting that exercise which the increasing demands of his profession were beginning to deny him. So long was Victoria Avenue that its lamp-posts were as many as the mansions of Heaven; certainly upon the side Mr. Pelley invariably walked there were quite a dozen. Why he always walked upon one side he would have found it difficult to explain; it was, true enough, the sunny side, but he used that side, and that side only, on dull days or fine or after sunset; probably it was because on his first morning after moving into his pleasant flat he had used the left side, and the habit was quickly formed. But he had formed also another habit

(*Continued on page* 192.)

Deus ex Machinâ *(Continued)*

about whose origin there need be no doubt: his cherished number seven accounted for it and nothing else. Upon that first morning, as he walked briskly toward the station, carrying a smart cane, he had counted the lamp-posts and, coming to the seventh, had given it a smart tap with his cane. The following morning he had repeated the tap as a conscious act; but within a few weeks he was tapping that seventh post without realising it, his mind occupied with other matters; the habit was formed, and that queer part of the mind labelled "the unconscious" took charge of it.

And that daily performance at precisely sixteen minutes past nine very shortly had an interested, an amused, and presently a slightly resentful spectator. This spectator was Miss Jessie Nancarrow, who lived in the large villa outside whose very ornamental front gate stood the seventh lamp-post. Miss Nancarrow was young and petite and dark and adorable; she was so accustomed to admiration, even when merely of the sort conveyed in a swift passing glance, that its absence would have been as startling as the impact of a meteorite upon the roof of her father's house. She had quite by chance observed Mr. Pelley's antics (her own descriptive word) almost from the beginning, and each morning found her at a quarter past nine in ambush behind the curtains of the drawing-room; it will be remembered that Mr. Pelley was very good-looking and his appearance was that of a very smart and prosperous young man about town.

Miss Nancarrow, as has been said, was first interested, then amused, and finally slightly resentful. It needed a full month for the resentment to oust the other emotions; that feeling, surely, was not without justification, for not on one single occasion did Mr. Pelley glance aside and discover that extremely alluring figure at the window. By the end of the second month it must be admitted that there was no longer any question of ambush; Miss Nancarrow stood boldly four-square in the big bay window to watch the passing of this odd young man, and to challenge, should the chance arise, his admiration by an alluring glance. But the chance never arose, and before very long such was Miss Nancarrow's warmth of feeling that she would very gladly have pursued Mr. Pelley and slapped him; she contented herself, however, with a grimace as soon as he had passed. She did not, indeed, always wait until he had gone by before she protruded the tip of a pink tongue; but since he never looked, what did it matter?

TOM SAYERS, lorry driver for Phipps Bros., haulage contractors, sat at breakfast. He was forty-eight, burly, dark, red-faced, and jocose. Emma, his wife, plump, easy-going and forty-ish, sat opposite him, and three children and a babe in a high chair occupied the rest of the space available. Tom was eating bloaters; the débris of one had just been shot into the fire; one in the course of demolition was on his plate, and there were two in the oven; since he proposed to devour these also he was clearly, in his own words, "in the pink." It is true that the children in turn (and not forgetting the babe) levied tribute from his plate, but they could not keep pace with his vast mouthfuls and a throat which took no account of bones.

"That 's the postman!" Emma cried excitedly. "Run along, Siddey, and get the letter; and wipe your nose while you 're about it."

The sturdy, red-faced boy returned presently with a letter, which his mother opened, read slowly, and then said with a laugh: "Ernie wants to know if he can come to dinner Sunday and bring his girl; be a' right, father, won't it?"

"Ay!" Tom replied. "Manage it, I reckon, without breaking the bank. Anyway," with a grin, "Ernie 'll be off his feed: lucky, that; *she 'll* eat enough for two, like all of 'em. Dolly, isn't it?"

"You know it is, father."

"Strewth! Can't expect me to keep tally of all the little hens that come here! Trying to pull off another match, hey?"

"P'raps!" his wife smiled. "Time young Ernie settled down, and Dolly 'll make him a good wife."

Tom grimaced. "Bound to get done in sooner or later, I suppose," he said; "and he might do worse. Blimey! What a morning!" with a glance towards the window, against which the rain was lashing furiously.

His wife followed his glance and said anxiously: "You 'll be careful, Tom, won't you? You ought t' ave had new tyres munce ago; that old skinflint Phipp sought t' be ashamed of himself the way he sends his lorries out. Be a naccident one of these days."

"Yers!" grinned her husband, "and then *I 'll* get it in the neck. 'S all right, mother," he added, "don't you worry; I 've driven worse in me time. School bell, you kids! Give us a kiss and hop it. Get me a box o' matches, Jennie, and if you get all four sums right 'smorning, Bert, you might get that box o' paints; an' you might get a clip o' the lug if you don't." He pulled out his tobacco-box and pipe, packed it with shag, and, getting up from the table, kissed his wife and, lighting his pipe, hurried out of the kitchen.

IT was nine o'clock instead of the usual seven-thirty when he arrived home that evening, and to his wife's anxious enquiry he said jovially: "Nothing to make a song about, mother. Let 's have a bite first and I 'll tell you."

His supper ended, he lit his pipe and, pouring himself out a glass of beer from the big brown jug on the table, he drew a chair up to the fire and then said genially: "Gor! That 's better! What a blinkin' day!"

"You 've had a naccident, Tom?" she said. "There! I knew it! That old devil——"

"Cheese it!" he laughed. "Nobody 's hurt; not even your 'umble."

"Was it a skid?"

"Skid? My oath! A proper one, if y' like! About 'alf pas' six it was: on my way home empty. In Victoria Avenue, other side o' London—you don't know it. Raining cats and dogs it was, and a silly old fool 'opped off the kerb 'ead down as if he was playin' blind man's buff at a kids' party! I 'd 'a bowled him over if I 'adn't braked like 'ell. Skid? Strewth! The old bus galloped sideways across the road and brought up facing the way I 'd come!" He paused, and his wife exhaled a vast sigh of relief, and then, noticing a twinkle in his eye, she said: "Was that all, Tom?"

"Blimey!" he chuckled. "Nearly forgot the blinkin' lamp-post!"

"The what?" she gasped.

"Lamp-post. That 's why I 'm late. Hit it such a belt that it went down like a heavy-weight. Yers," delightedly, "and blinkin' well stopped down like one! Fair smashed up. Rozzer on the spot with note-book and all the rest of it, and by the time I got away it was 'alf seven. But it 's O.K., mother. The silly old fool who was trying to get killed on the cheap was a proper sport. Told the rozzer it was his fault and gave him his card. An', what 's more," chuckling, "'e begged my pardon! What d'you think o' that, hey? *An'* give me 'alf a dollar! There 's a packet o' milk chocolate for you and some sweets for the kids in my pocket, so what about a kiss for the old pot-and-pan?" He pulled his wife on to his knees and kissed her with immense gusto. "Bit o' jam all round, a'ter all, eh?" he laughed.

(Concluded on page iv)

"You've double-crossed me!"

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

The first days of Spring are often quite cold, especially in the country, and a tweed ensemble is eminently suitable, as it is warm without appearing heavy. In the Matita model on the right, the three-quarter-length coat has an inverted pleat down the back which swings open as the wearer moves. It is otherwise quite plain, with a stand-up collar and amusing patch pockets. The contrasting blouse and hat are made in a wool crêpe, the former with short sleeves and buttons down the front. Some original accessories characterise many of the new Matita frocks and suits, which are sold practically everywhere. Details such as pockets are important, and appear unexpectedly in places like coat-cuffs

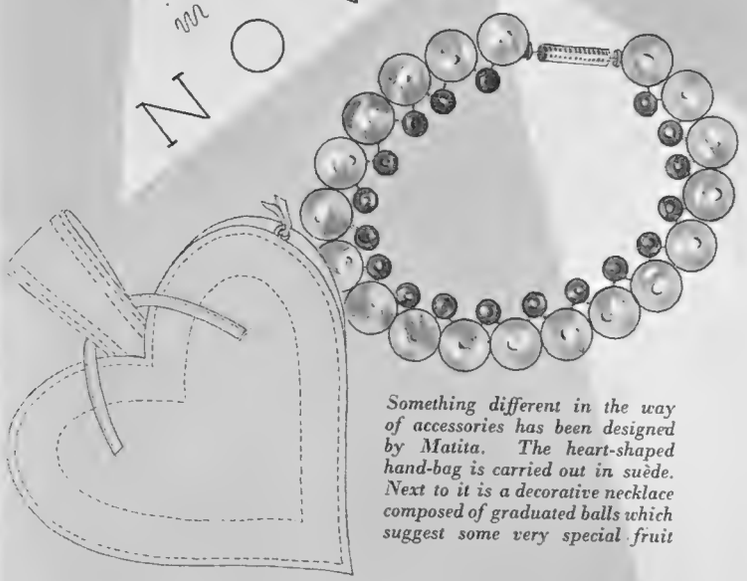
Dover Street Studios

Soft Satin and Clouds of Tulle Will Be Fashionable

The new silhouette for evening will be slim and straight, though there is little doubt that flowing lines and draperies will continue, since they met with such success in the past. The Chinese influence is not so strong as one might imagine, but is nevertheless reflected in the rich embroideries and lovely silks that are being specially woven. Many designers are introducing a shorter hem-line in front, which, in some ways, is more becoming than ground-length. It is seen in the frock above, which is expressed in shimmering satin and is cleverly draped and moulded over the hips by a band of shirring which lifts the hem and lets it fall in graceful folds. The slanting décolleté is another new note. Equally charming is the model on the left, which strikes a complete contrast. It is carried out in black tulle and lace with a full, sweeping skirt and slender hip-line. It is essentially youthful, while the ruffles of tulle round the neck and shoulders suggest a cape

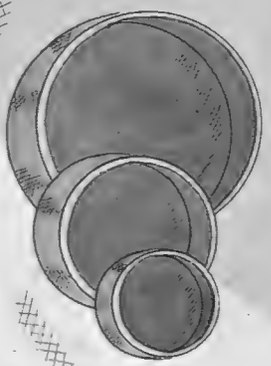
In search of NOVELTIES

Jars of pot-pourri and perfume burners may be seen at Floris, and mark the revival of an old-world custom which is being adopted by many modern hostesses. A few drops of essence diluted with water will, when heated, impart a subtle fragrance which is very pleasing



Something different in the way of accessories has been designed by Matita. The heart-shaped hand-bag is carried out in suède. Next to it is a decorative necklace composed of graduated balls which suggest some very special fruit

A bunch of cherries adds a finishing touch to the Matita frock on the right which is expressed in fancy wool. Shirring is introduced on the bodice and short sleeves, while the belt is patent leather



Solid leather ash-trays from Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, are a welcome addition to every home. They are sold in nests of three at 6s. 6d., 4s., and 3s. each, and are quite unbreakable

Below: floral perfumes are never more appreciated than during the winter months, when everything is grey and cheerless. Malmaison is one of the many exquisite scents created by Floris, 89, Jermyn Street. It has the true fragrance of carnations, and is available from 6s. 6d. a bottle

Cocktail-sets offer a wide choice in the gift department at Fortnum and Mason. In the one on the left the glasses and shaker are painted in bright colours with hunting scenes, while the glass and chromium tray is sold separately

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Biography and Four Novels

By A. G. Macdonell

THE incredible performances during the last few months of Italian diplomacy, Italian hospital-bombers, and Italian propagandists make the appearance of a book on Signor Mussolini highly topical. Political memories are notoriously short and, now that Italy is so incessantly in the limelight, people are vaguely racking their brains to try and remember how Fascismo started and what it is all about anyway.

It is all the more pity, therefore, that Mr. George Seldes should have allowed his prejudices to run away with him quite so violently in his *Sawdust Cæsar* (Barker; 12*s.* 6*d.*). His biography of the Duce makes no pretence at impartiality. He opens his attack from the very beginning and maintains it with the utmost vehemence to the last page, so that towards the end he is actually defeating his own aim. The spirit of fair-play takes a hand in the game, and sympathy automatically begins to veer round towards the object of such a one-sided assault. This is neither the way to write history nor to knock idols off their pedestals. There is a great deal in the legend of Fascismo that urgently needs to be put into its proper perspective—that is almost universally admitted—and many illusions that urgently require to be dispelled. But this is certainly not the way to do it. There have been in history only two ways of dispelling legends and illusions. One has been by a patient sifting of the facts and a simple but irrefutable exposure of them. The other has been by ridicule, a weapon that Aristophanes and Voltaire wielded with such deadly effect. Abuse, which is the weapon too often used by Mr. Seldes, is not a tenth part as effective as the other two.

Anthony Powell

In this week's review, Anthony Powell's latest book, "Agents and Patients," is dated as belonging spiritually to the last decade. This, says the reviewer, is because it deals with Bright Young Things. Mr. Powell is known best for his "Afternoon Men" and "Venusberg"

MR. FREEMAN WILLS CROFTS is a master of the painstaking method of detection. No brilliant short cuts for him; no sudden and spectacular dénouements. He does not bring his murderer on to the scene on page 3 and expose him, to the utter astonishment of the flabbergasted reader, on page 284. Instead, he works slowly and with infinite pains. Chief-Inspector French moves steadily from clue to clue, never unduly elated at success or cast down by failure. *The Loss of the Jane Vosper* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a perfect example of the style. It opens on a tramp-steamer on the way to South America. Four mysterious explosions in the cargo sink the ship, and the crew only escape by the skin of their teeth. The problem before the Chief-Inspector is to discover who caused the explosions, and how, and, above all, why. The trail has been covered with extraordinary skill, but French is a man of extraordinary patience, and he goes on and on doggedly, until at last everything falls into place and the whole mystery is unravelled. My only complaint is that one most critical step in the investigation is taken as the result of a mistake. The Chief-Inspector has a sudden brain-wave that a tunnel is being made in order to rob the Mint, in the style of Sherlock Holmes's *Red-Headed League*. He at once digs up the suspected floor and finds, not a tunnel, but a very important link in the chain of his inquiry. But I suppose that if Chief-Inspectors did not have a bit of undeserved luck now and again, we would none of us sleep so quietly in our beds. Anyway, *The Loss of the Jane Vosper* is as good as anything Mr. Crofts has done, and the ingenuity of the crime is on as high a level as his famous *Pit-Prop Syndicate*.

I HAD somehow got the impression that brightness of youth was rather at a discount nowadays in literary circles, and that snappy sparkle was a bit under the weather. Mr. Anthony Powell shows me how completely wrong I am, with his *Agents and Patients* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*). For he is ablaze with sports-cars and cocktails and bailiffs and film-directors and innuendoes, and even poor old Freud is hoisted out of his dismal coffin of the early nineteen-twenties and put through his creaking paces. It is all very amusingly done, and the glitter is maintained with a vast deal of switching on and off of artificial lights. The plot is about a pair of sophisticated young gentlemen who get hold of a rich young mug and haul him round Paris and Berlin and London, to his social profit, and their pecuniary profit. Everyone is pretty drunk all the time, and the shadow of unpleasant things is never far away. But the thing that astonished me about *Agents and Patients* is that it is all about fifteen years out of date.

ANOTHER book about agents, of a different sort, is *Agents of the League* (Harrap; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Mr. Colin Davy, and it, too, is strangely out of date. Ex-John Buchan invented years ago the rich-man-with-an-anti-social-kink who hated the world so passionately that he wanted to pull it down in a crash, out of which he would rise as a sort of super-man, and Mr. Davy is a rather belated disciple. And he is a disciple not only of the old, worn-out theme, but also of the Buchan method. He is, in fact, almost as prolific an exploiter of the coincidence as his master, who for years was the coincidence king of contemporary fiction. Mr. Davy's charming young heroine and hero are given, for some reason, the not inconsiderable job of discovering who are the men behind the armament racket in Europe. It appears that the problem has been baffling the League of Nations for years. The charming pair of amateurs discover the whole thing in a jiffy, and then, of course, fall into the simplest of traps, from which only a pure fluke extricates them. A nice, old-fashioned affair throughout.

"CRUSADE" (Jarrolds; 7*s.*6*d.*) is Mr. Rupert Croft-Cooke's new novel. It is a sincere and original piece of work, which fails to come off, I think, for two reasons. Firstly, because it is too short; and secondly, because the implications have not been sufficiently thought out. Harry Wheelan, a young clerk, brought up an atheist, reads the Bible and determines to try to be a Christian in the real sense of the word. He gives up his job, gives away all his money, and goes walking the roads with a tramp whom he picks up. The idea is extraordinarily interesting, but it depends completely upon Harry's contacts with the human beings whom he meets, and here, I think, Mr. Croft-Cooke has rather shirked the issue. Harry does not meet enough people. There is too little incident and too much introspection. But it is certainly a brave idea.

The Lottery Winners Set Out On Their Stolen Holiday

"Bonne Chance"

Sacha Guitry In His First Film With His Wife, Jacqueline Delubac

SACHA GUITRY'S first film—as writer, director, and actor—is having its English première at the Curzon early in February. It was to have been shown at a gala première on the 3rd in aid of the Feathers Clubs, but this has been cancelled. *Bonne Chance* is a gay and witty comedy with the slightest of stories about a Montmartre artist and a little laundress who 's engaged to someone else; they take a stolen holiday together on the proceeds of a lottery win and come back decided to marry each other. Guitry wrote the film for himself and his attractive wife, Jacqueline Delubac; their brilliance as an acting team London saw when they were here last summer for a short season at Daly's, and the film sounds to be as sparkling entertainment as Guitry has taught his audiences to expect of him

The Montmartre Laundress and the Montmartre Artist Fall in Love

Howard Coster

H. G. WELLS—PORTRAIT OF A GREAT MAN

Herbert George Wells (seventy next birthday) has as versatile a claim to that title as any writer of the century. Novelist, social reformer, historian, scientist, inspirer of films, prophet—these are the manifestations this plain man, son of a professional cricketer, has given of himself. Topically, his "Outline of History," his "Work, Wealth and Happiness of Mankind," his Britling, Bulpington and the rest are overshadowed by "Things to Come," the gigantic film of his most inspired conception of the world of the future. And during the making of this and two more Wellsian pictures, their author has put many a younger man to shame by the vitality and thoroughness with which he's made himself master of the technique and methods of that queer microcosm, the film studio

Films of the Day

Renaissance at the Capitol

By GEORGE CAMPBELL

Gladys Swarthout's First Picture

Gladys Swarthout is another Metropolitan Opera star who has obeyed the Hollywood summons. In her first film, "Rose of the Rancho," at the Plaza, Gladys Swarthout plays the part of Rosita Castro, leader of Spanish Californian settlers against land-grabbers, with John Boles and Joe Bickford

You have seen the last of the old Capitol. One of London's most familiar landmarks, it has stood in the Haymarket for eleven years—a lifetime in the entertainment racket—and when it is re-opened to the public it will be quite different. It will be redecorated, and its seating capacity will be reduced by four hundred, on the assumption that most of us would rather pay 8s. 6d. or 5s. 9d. for an arm-chair seat with plenty of leg-room than 2s. 4d. or 3s. 6d. for the ordinary plebeian kind.

It seems odd now, that this square and dowdy-looking little place once caused eyes to goggle and necks to crane; but it did. The first of its kind were the New Gallery, the Marble Arch Pavilion (what a sensation *that* caused!) and the Tivoli; and then came the Capitol. That was in February 1925. That doesn't seem very long, but in the history of the screen it represents another age. Just look back a minute at the pictures that played at the Capitol in its early days, and the stars whose names in lights once had power to stir the passer-by's curiosity and draw him towards the box office.

"The Miracle of the Wolves"—that was the first picture to be shown there. It was made in France, and it caused a sensation, but don't ask me who was in it. I only remember that the operator played reel five before reel four, and that not a soul noticed anything odd about the continuity.

Then came the early Hitchcock, *Blackmail*, and a couple of early Lubitsches—*So This is Paris* and *Lady Windermere's Fan*. *So This is Paris* starred Monte Blue, Patsy Ruth Miller and Lilyan Tashman, all big names in those days. As for *Lady Windermere's Fan*, I only remember that Lubitsch contrived by some magic to infuse Wilde's wit into the silent camera-work, and that his only reward from one critic was a sniffy remark that a card reproduced in close-up was printed and not engraved. Her eyesight must have been better than mine.

Anna Sten—In a Russian Story

Anna Sten, the beautiful Russian, plays the part of a peasant girl in Garrett Klement's newly-completed film of pre-war Russia—"A Woman Alone," with Henry Wilcoxon and Viola Keats. "A Woman Alone," directed by Eugen Frenke, and showing the Ballets Woizikowsky in dancing scenes, will be released next month

Here, too, came *The Torrent*, with Antonio Moreno, in those days a big enough star to insist on the director, Mauritz Stiller, being withdrawn. Stiller went back to Sweden, broken-hearted, and died, but his protégée, who had humbly "supported" Moreno in the picture, stayed on. Her name was Greta Garbo. One London critic wrote that "she showed promise of becoming popular"; and I dare say he boasts now that he discovered her.

Secrets of the East, that elaborate bit of hokum from Ufa, in the days when Ufa meant something; *The Last Laugh*, which introduced us to that great actor, Emil Jannings; *Berlin*, that remarkable impressionistic study of a great city set to music; the Rosita Forbes travel picture, *Red Sea to Blue Nile*—these were a few of the early successes.

And the stars. How many fans to-day remember buxom Priscilla Dean? Or Leatrice Joy, of the cropped hair, who married John Gilbert and jumped into fame as the spoiled beauty of *Manslaughter*?

Pauline Frederick was still a great star in 1925. So was Nazimova, even now a favourite on Broadway in plays like *Ghosts*. Madge Bellamy was on top of the world in stories of America's flaming youth; Phyllis Haver was a spectacular blonde; Norma Shearer, seen in *Empty Hands*, was just beginning her steady climb to fame; Mady Christians (who knows even her name to-day?) was one of the idols of the Continent; Rod La Rocque, later to become the husband of the lovely Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman's most popular leading lady, scored a hit in *The Cruise of the Jasper B.*; and Lon Chaney was curdling the blood in a series of horror pictures.

Horror pictures—mostly from the Universal stable—were a speciality of the Capitol in those days. Later the wheel swung full circle, and it became known for the farces of Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn and the rest of the Aldwych team. It was here that the first talkie ever seen by the King, *The Good Companions*, was shown—actually he saw it at a charity pre-view at another theatre; and it was here, too, that the L.C.C., as trusty guardians of the public's conscience and morals, were shown Cecil B. De Mille's *The King of Kings* behind locked doors—a touch that De Mille himself would have appreciated.

The Unknown Soldier, an American production that caused a good deal of irritation at the time; *The Cock-Eyed World*, one of the lusty, gusty McLaglen-Lowe tales of soldiers and low life—but one could go on indefinitely, as memories are summoned up and forgotten faces loom out of the past.

Just one other thing, perhaps, is worth recalling, and that is the sound-effects machine, the first of its kind in London. It produced every known sound, from the rattle of tea cups and a knock at the door, to the galloping of Tom Mix to the rescue and the roar of the breaking ice in *Way Down East*. And in the days before talkies, that was reckoned Realism, and (some said) Art.

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Patrick Disney

Patrick Disney has been elected secretary of the O.U.R.F.C. for next year's season. He is a cousin of Walt Disney, the owner and trainer of Mickey Mouse

Below: E. S. Nicholson (Leicester) was one of the English forwards who had such a hard fight against two kinds of Welsh scrum at Swansea; the game ended in a pointless draw

E. S. Nicholson

C. D. Laborde

Charles Laborde (Harrow and St. Cats.), elected captain of the C.U.R.U.F.C. for 1936-37, has already taken over his duties owing to Ken Fyfe going down at Christmas

Swansea and Murrayfield

IT will be odd, and rather ironical if Scotland and Ireland beat England and Wales, the conquerors of New Zealand. Odd, but by no means unlikely, if we may judge by the football we saw at Swansea a week or so ago. And next Saturday Scotland play Wales at Murrayfield, and if the reconstituted Scottish pack knows the rudiments of its business, Wales may be in for an uncommonly difficult afternoon.

WE went down to Swansea, through the snow, with such high hopes, and returned, quite appropriately, into the fog, greatly disillusioned. It is easy enough to say that certain individuals played well, but the scrummaging, the foundation upon which all good football is based, was lamentable.

There are those who will argue that I am merely speaking as a disgruntled Englishman, and that, instead of abusing the scrummaging, I should be praising the work of the Welsh forwards, who beat the English pack all ends up. To this I reply that the English forwards, had they used their weight and experience with any co-ordinated intelligence, must surely have beaten a helter-skelter Welsh pack, at least in the tight. The Welshmen not only packed 3—4—1, but quite often 4—3—1, when Rees added himself to the front row, and shoved at right angles to the scrummage. Such peculiar packing was effective, I will admit, but only because England themselves frittered about with fancy formations, and failed to realise that straightforward, honest shoving would have pushed the Welshmen into kingdom come.

WHAT induced the Englishmen to pack 3—4—1 and 3—3—2 I cannot imagine. Maybe they had ideas, though the chain of reasoning was not apparent from the touchline. When will our forwards realise that shoving is their primary duty, and that weight can only be transmitted by proper binding and packing, and that nothing else matters a great deal?

The England front row was horribly high; one illustrious forward did not once hollow his back, but stood up most of the time with his legs almost at right-angles to the ground. A sad sight in an international match, and a disappointment indeed after the promising work of the England pack against New Zealand.

IN the loose, some of the forwards did well enough. Hamilton-Hill and Weston carried out their destructiveness with spirit and efficiency, and Dunkley was splendidly ubiquitous. This dashing fancy stuff, though, is of secondary importance. What is necessary is to subdue the opposing pack in tight and loose mauls and line-out.

I hope profoundly that the England forwards will have learnt their lesson, and that Mr. John Daniell, chairman of selectors, will ram it home with his own particular brand of verbal forcefulness. I thought, indeed, that the lesson was learnt, but apparently we have to go down to the bottom of the class and start all over again.

The referee did not help matters by watching the scrummage from the opposite side to the scrum-half, and the game quite quickly went to pieces.

PERHAPS I am being unduly gloomy, but the disappointment is still keen. Let me say, though, that there were individual players who, in happier circumstances, could have brought greatness to the match.

Tanner, the Swansea scrum-half, is a grand player, neat and intelligent and effective, with a perfect pass from the scrummage. Cliff Jones was brilliant in his attempts to make bricks without straw—there is surely no more dangerous runner in the game to-day. Wooller was a constant menace to the England defence, and that defence itself was glorious.

Candler may be slightly built, but he is a most courageous stopper; Gerrard and Cranmer in the centre are watchful and relentless, an extremely difficult pair to pass. Obolensky tackles, and so does Sever, who played remarkably well in every phase of the game. Sever, indeed, was an outstanding success, and we shall hear more of him, with his strength and determination and initiative. He looks for work, and finds it, and that is rare in a wing three-quarter.

The real hero of the England side, though, was Owen-Smith at full-back. His sense of position, his fielding of the ball on the run, his kicking, all were perfect, and it is not too much to say that, without him, England would inevitably have been beaten.

THERE were, then, redeeming features about the match, and nothing can alter the fact that just now we have an exceptional crop of brilliant players behind the scrummage. Next Saturday's match, for instance, should produce some brilliant running from men like Jones and Wooller, Shaw and Dick and Lind. It will be interesting to see what effect the return of Lind to the Scottish centre will have upon Scottish methods. Lind is a supreme opportunist, and this will be an opportunist's match, for Wales no less than Scotland rely upon the unexpected mid-field thrust. Since their triumph against New Zealand, when three punts ahead brought them three tries, they are inclined to overdo the kicking, perhaps, but Scotland lack an Owen-Smith, and it may be that the bombardment by Jones and Wooller will prove successful.

I AM almost tempted to launch into an argument here about the shape of the Rugby ball, an argument foisted upon me by an enthusiast who maintains that by using a round ball the element of luck would be reduced to a minimum, and the game would thereby be improved.

I maintain that it would not be improved, but changed entirely. If you wish to inaugurate a new and possibly excellent game, play with a round ball. If you are satisfied with the game as it is, stop monkeying with the buzz-saw.

Swiss Winter Sportsmen

A Retrospect of the Week Before Last

Captain Kenneth Hogg

Has been ski-ing in the Engadine. He is a bit of an expert on the snow, and so he is at bridge—one of the best card-players in London. He is a brother of Mrs. Tate, M.P., and used to be in the Irish Guards

Sir Percy Bates

The chairman of the Cunard-White Star Line goes to Switzerland to curl. He was taking part in a match at Wengen when this particular stone was laid

Conrad Veidt

Was photographed on the balcony of the Engadine Hotel, where he's spending his winter holiday. The last of his 1935 batch of films, "King of the Damned," was at the Tivoli a week or two back

Mrs. Claude Leigh and Her Daughter

Mrs. Claude Leigh took her just-ex-debutante daughter Joyce to Switzerland for her first season of winter sports. Mrs. Leigh's short fur coat over her ski suit is a good, warm idea

Right: Silvia Ryle is the elder of Mrs. Alexis Ffrench's daughters, and was twenty-one the other day. Amalia Demetriadi is Sir Stephen and Lady Demetriadi's daughter and came out two seasons ago. They were taking their after-lunch sun in decorative idleness when the photographer came by

Miss Silvia Ryle and Miss Amalia Demetriadi

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

More About Rye

Reminiscent of the bad weather for January's big golf fixture—the President's Putter—are the clothes worn by F. H. Tate, J. O. H. Greenley, A. A. Duncan, and P. B. Lucas. Duncan beat Lucas in the third round, but was beaten by the runner-up in the fourth

It is impossible to describe in one article the many matches of interest which take place at the Annual Meeting of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. At one time there was only one competition—namely, the competition for the President's Putter, but now there is the competition for the Croome Shield, played in foursomes by members of the same College, by medal play, and the competition for the Secretary's Niblick, which is also played by foursomes, but by match play. In the latter, players who have been beaten in the first two rounds of the President's Putter are eligible to compete, and obtain their partners by ballot.

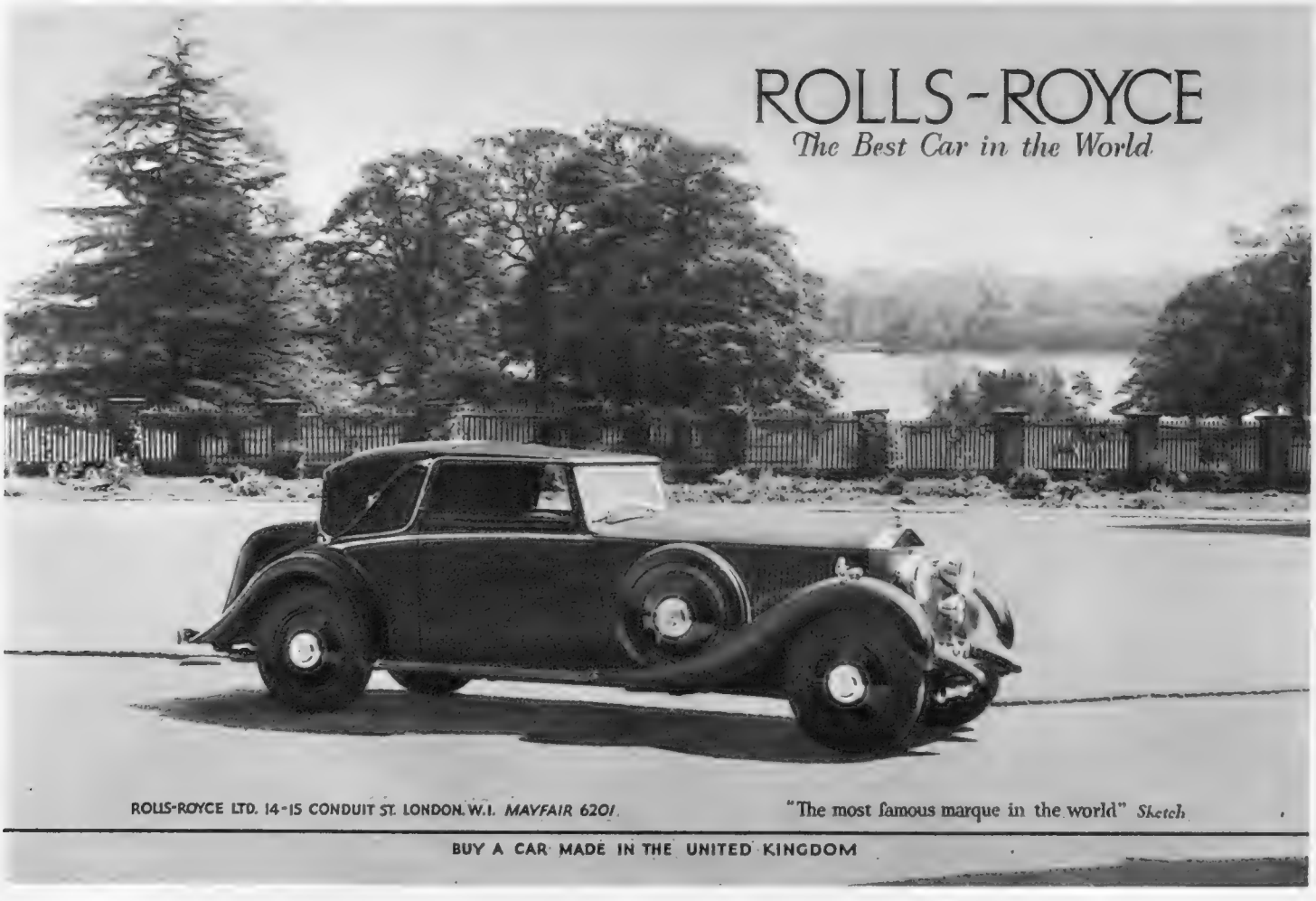
The Croome Shield this year was won by L. G. Crawley, an ex-English Champion, and H. Gardiner Hill, representing Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a score of 77, which was good golf, as they played in a gale of wind, with occasional periods of driving rain. They were only successful by one stroke from Oppenheimer and Wethered, Longhurst and Machin, and Mirfield and Beck; while Evans and Martin, of Oriel College, Oxford, who won the Shield on the first two occasions on which it was played for, appeared to be set for another victory. But they took three putts on the seventh green, made a complete mess of the short eighth hole, and took another six, and finally finished in 79. F. G. Mirfield, an ex-Sussex Champion, and J. B. Beck, the husband of a famous International lady golfer, representing New College, Oxford, should have won, but they had a disaster at the last hole, where they took seven shots, when a six would have tied with the score of Crawley and Gardiner Hill, and then they would have won, as ties, according to the Rules then in force, were decided on the last nine holes. I am glad to say that this rule has now been altered, and in future if there is a tie the players who tie will hold the Shield jointly.

At one time it appeared likely that the final of the Putter would have to be played on the Monday morning, as sixty-five entries had been received. It has been decided that in future if the entries exceed sixty-four, the first round must be played on the Thursday instead of the Friday morning.

During 1935 the Society suffered a loss in the death of the Hon. Mr. Justice Avory, and, during this meeting, the Hon. Mr. Justice Langton was elected a member in his place. The Hon. Mr. Justice Langton was captain of the Woking Golf Club last year, and is a sufficiently good golfer to represent this Club against the University teams.

One of the most improved players was G. Micklem, but whether his improvement is due to having lessons from a good coach, or from hard practice by himself I do not know. There were few players at Rye who hit their wooden club shots better

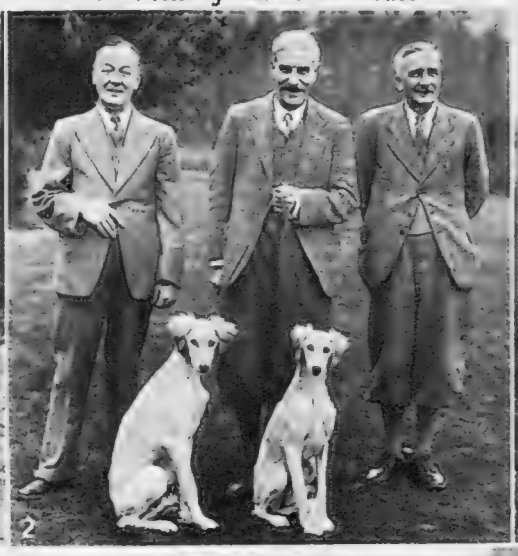
(Continued on page 204)



Golf Clubs at Home

Manning's Heath Club, Horsham

A View of the Club-house



(1) Major R. C. G. Middleton (ex-captain and committee) and Captain A. N. Kendal. (2) C. H. White (steward), Major T. B. C. Piggott (secretary), and L. G. Lewis (professional). (3) I. I. Eager (ex-captain and committee) and B. R. Lintott (committee). (4) H. Rowland, S. Rowland, and David Hutcheson (Town Section members). (5) F. Fraser Hadock (ex-captain, hon. treasurer, and committee) and S. C. King (committee). (6) J. W. C. Agate (ex-captain and committee), W. A. Bright, and W. G. Eager. (7) H. C. Brooker and R. H. Buchanan (Town Section members). (8) G. F. W. Edwards and D. Mackenzie. (9) H. Kershaw and W. Seton-Anderson

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Left: Margaret Halliday, of Fulwell, and Mary Browne, of Basingstoke, are working back to the Girls' Championship. Miss Browne follows the Vine Foxhounds in the winter

Below: Peggy Edwards and Margaret Urie are in gay mood. Miss Edwards won the Craig Challenge Cup for a bogey round from scratch

Legislation

DEAR BYSTANDER,

A GOLFING journalist, like anybody else, is a loyal and loving subject, and the death of King George overshadows this page. Particularly my mind runs on that devoted band of Ambulance drivers who were visited by the King and Queen at Etaples in the war, because so many were golfers. Amongst them was this year's captain-elect of Great Britain against U.S.A., Miss Doris Chambers, who was mentioned in despatches at that time.

One starts thinking back to personal sights of the King; of hearing him address the big gathering of women war workers in Buckingham Palace courtyard, a gathering when the golfers must have been there in considerable numbers; of various functions and services attended and reported, an odd interlude in golfing journalism, as odd and unreal as golf itself appears at this moment.

THE Ladies' Golf Union has done the only thing possible in postponing the annual dinner, which was to have been at Grosvenor House on February 4th. The Annual General Meeting the next day at the Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Great Russell Street, is to be held. Life cannot stop; our Kings, George V. and Edward VIII., sportsmen both of them, would not wish that it should. So delegates from 1347 affiliated clubs have the right to appear and voice their views, or to send proxy votes, to a meeting which bids fair to be historic from a golf point of view.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for an all-day sitting, with a due and proper interval for lunch. That wise and needful precaution having been taken, we shall probably get all the business through before even the most frivolous-minded of delegates have begun to look at their watches and wonder whether they will be late for their lunch appointments.

The genial influence of a meal may be essential if controversy waxes hot over the most important question on the agenda—the recommendation to the Executive Council that the Ladies' Amateur Championship (familiarly called the Open) shall be replaced by a Championship on similar lines, but open to all lady golfers whether Amateur or Professional, and that the regulations of the L.G.U. be altered accordingly. A separate recommendation is that all members of affiliated clubs shall be eligible to earn L.G.U. handicaps, whether they are amateurs or professionals—which, after all, is only logical justice, since the L.G.U. takes an annual subscription from every club, with the avowed purpose of bestowing handicaps upon its members, those members, in their turn, subscribing to the club. The L.G.U. cannot take with one hand and withhold with the other.

We have progressed past the days of hot argument, when it was a personal matter that So-and-So, and These and Those were excluded from handicaps and championships and must not be treated thus. It ought to be—on paper and in constitution it is—a broad general principle that the L.G.U. exists to help the best golfers, and foster the best golf. Exclude the one, and you cannot hope to produce the other. At present the woman professional is a rara avis, and the trouble is that not only are her chances of feathering a nest few, but she has not even anywhere to build it; there is virtually nothing in the competition way, except only BYSTANDER and Sunningdale Foursomes, or Worplesdon by invitation, in which she can compete. So impecunious golfers struggle along somehow, either skimping their golf for lack of means or, according to some accusers, trying to disguise such help as they receive lest they be dubbed infringers of the amateur status rule and so debarred from the Championship. If the resolutions go through, infringement will still make them cease to be amateurs, but it will not make them cease to be eligible to play in the Championship, or to receive a handicap.

Big questions, these, certainly, and it is good to feel that Lady Denman's wise and knowledgeable chairmanship—the two adjectives do not always hang together—will be there to see that all is done well.

DELEGATES will miss the opportunity of informal discussion over the cocktail or the coffee on the 4th, but it is to be hoped that they will read last year's minutes and balance sheet, already circulated.

One point is likely to cause questions—the Excess Expenditure over Income for the year on the International Match Fund. But from a report of the Executive Council's meeting the other day emerges the cheering fact that the Fund now amounts to about £1600, after deducting the expenses of the Tour to Australia and New Zealand. So it is only 1935 that has failed to balance this item of the budget: the whole Fund is not exhausted, nor likely to be if golfers who believe wholeheartedly in the good done by such Dominion Tours and international matches find pockets to back their principles.

Yours ever, ELEANOR E. HELME.

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf *(Continued)*

than Micklem. He hit a magnificent brassie shot to the sixteenth green in his match in the semi-finals against Major Aitken, and was extremely unlucky only to halve this hole. Although his second shot stopped only about 6 yards to the left of the hole, he had to play his third shot with a niblick to pitch over a spur which juts into the green on the left; he ran about 2½ feet past the hole, which was a sufficient distance to enable Aitken to lay him a dead stymie.

THERE are many "ifs" in the game of golf, but if Micklem had won this hole, and played the same good tee shot to the one-shot seventeenth hole which he did, it is doubtful if Aitken would have followed it with a good shot, and the players consequently would have been all square and 1 to go, instead of Micklem suffering defeat by 2 and 1.

Micklem, if he had cared to make himself unpleasant and to claim his legal rights, could now have his ball attached to the Putter as the winner, for Crawley and both finalists broke Rule No. 1, the penalty for which is disqualification of both sides.

WHEN I went down to Rye, I held the opinion that in the field there were four players—namely, L. G. Crawley, Major W. H. H. Aitken, P. H. F. White and P. B. Lucas, who should obtain places in the Walker Cup team against the United States at Pine Valley this year, and nothing occurred at Rye to make me change my opinion.

Crawley is at the present time playing better golf than he ever has before. He takes the club back very quietly and swings it easily and apparently slowly, consequently he obtains complete control with the club head; his long iron shots are particularly good, but he has a weakness—namely, his putting. He hits his putts very straight, but seems to find great difficulty in getting the correct distance. He is often 4 yards short or 4 yards too far.

Major Aitken, although he won the St. George's Challenge Cup, and the Royal Medal at St. Andrews, is, in my opinion, a better match player than medal player, and the course at Pine Valley should suit him admirably. Lucas and White did not shine at Rye, but they were both short of practice, and Lucas had only just started golf again after a long enforced rest owing to an injury to his wrist. If the Walker Cup match was to be played on a course other than Pine Valley, I think the selectors should seriously consider the inclusion of Wethered, but Pine Valley is a course on which, after a wild tee shot, the player is seldom permitted to play a good recovery with his second.

I READ the very true news that Wethered won at Rye by demonstrating that it is the second and third shots that count. To this, I think, should be added the fourth shot, as I never saw Wethered take three putts, and on numerous occasions he holed the putts of doubtful length with ease and confidence. Although Aitken is a good putter and strikes the ball boldly on the green, if he had had Wethered to putt for him in the final he would have been the victor instead of the vanquished.

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Right: his Majesty the King at Hendon, walking with Air-Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. The King has been an owner-pilot since 1929, using the aeroplane for transport whenever it is practicable and shows a saving of time

Below: the King's pilot. Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden, A.F.C., who is in the Reserve of Air Force Officers. He has flown all the King's aeroplanes, ten in number, from the original Gipsy Moth to the "Rapide" in which his Majesty returned to London for the Proclamation

The King Travels by Air

By Charles Ward

A Royal Example

IT is typical of King Edward VIII. that he should fly to London to take over his responsibilities as head of the State, and in so doing set a precedent that will have far-reaching consequences. There were many who prophesied that he would give up flying on his accession to the throne, but, like his grandfather, who was one of the earliest patrons of the motor-car, the new King believes in identifying himself with everything progressive. As the Prince of Wales he has been our leading patron of aviation for a number of years—in fact, from the spring of 1928, when he first became interested in flying as a sport and as a means of saving time when travelling. One of his earliest flights was in April 1919, this being a short trip over London in a Handley-Page with Admiral Mark Kerr. In the spring of 1926 he made history by flying from Paris to London in one of Imperial Airways' early liners, the "City of Pretoria." The pilot on this occasion was Captain O. P. Jones, to-day one of the senior Commanders in that Company's service.

Learning to Fly

DURING 1928 and '29 the King made a number of flights in Bristol Fighters, at that time the most comfortable and the safest of the R.A.F. two-seaters, and in Westland Wapitis, the successor to the "Brisfit" for general duty. All of these early flights were official journeys, mostly with Sq.-Ldr. Don as pilot. They included visits to R.A.F. stations, to Cardington for an inspection of the airship "R.101," and to Bognor whilst the late King was recovering from his serious illness. In August 1929 came the first flight in a Moth, by which time the King had begun to like flying, and he bought a Moth for his own use. Sq.-Ldr. Don remained the King's pilot until Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden took over in 1930, and during that time his Majesty learnt to handle the controls, making several flights unaided, but with his instructor in the second seat. He visited many of the civil aerodromes and got acquainted with the flying clubs and their members all of which was most encouraging and helpful to the Club movement.

The King's Fleet

TO-DAY the King owns two Dragon "Rapides," and it was in one of these that Flight-Lieut. Fielden flew his Majesty from Sandringham to London after the death of his father. These 'planes are in every sense standard aircraft, with two Gipsy engines, the only noticeable difference between them and ordinary "Rapides" on the air lines being the interior equipment, which is always modified to suit the individual taste of private owners. A powerful radio set is fitted for both transmission and reception, together with navigation lights and headlights for landing after dark. It is a great tribute to the excellence of de Havilland designs and the reliability of the Gipsy engine that with one exception the Royal fleet has been built at Stag Lane or Hatfield. After the original Gipsy Moth, G.AALG, in which the King learnt to fly, he bought two Puss Moths in 1930, exchanging these for two of a later model in 1931. In the following year he owned a Fox Moth for a short period, and in 1933 bought a Vickers' "Viastra," a powerful air-liner intended for long-distance trips. It was built entirely of metal, and powered with two of the famous "Pegasus" engines, either of which could maintain it in level flight. One of the original type "Dragons" was added to the fleet during that year, to be replaced by the two "Rapides" last February.

Other Journeys by Air

THE KING has made many flights as a passenger in aircraft other than Service 'planes and those of his own fleet, and he has flown in many different parts of the world. Captain G. P. Olley had the honour of piloting him from Bordeaux to Windsor in 1931, and Major H. G. Brackley, Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, took the King over Southampton Water in "Sylvanus," one of the Kent class flying-boats used on the Mediterranean service. The King has also flown in "Heracles," this time to Copenhagen to open the British Exhibition. In 1932, with the Duke of Kent, he visited the Fleet in the Mediterranean and went up from the aircraft-carrier Glorious to watch a mock attack. There was a flight in the Fairey Long-Range Monoplane, a short journey from Windsor to Croydon in a Spartan "Cruiser," and one from Heston to Cowes in the Saro "Cloud" amphibian, on the occasion of the visit to England of the Dornier DO.X. The King flew in the giant German flying-boat, and was much impressed by the amazing ingenuity of its controls, and the comparative ease with which it could be handled. He has also flown in the Ford Tri-motor both at Heston and when crossing the Panama Canal Zone during his American tour. Whilst in South America he made several flights in a Fairey III.F, landing on one occasion on H.M.S. Eagle and returning to the naval aerodrome in the middle of Rio Harbour. In Africa the King photographed big game from the air, using a Moth, and later during that tour flew from Juba to Cairo as passenger with the R.A.F. His Majesty's air experience, both as pilot and passenger, is greater than that of most of his people, including as it does hundreds of hours' flying in many different types both at home and abroad. No more potent influence on the development of this country as an Air Power could be desired.

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Reserve Fund	11,500,000
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Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	10,987,614
Engagements	6,718,097

ASSETS	
Coin, Bank Notes & Balances with Bank of England	48,695,719
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks	17,634,489
Money at Call and Short Notice	26,710,876
Investments at or under Market Value	111,464,862
Bills Discounted	29,573,494
British Treasury Bills	39,691,499
Advances to Customers and other Accounts	177,120,890
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements	17,705,711
Bank Premises at Head Office and Branches	9,239,896
Other Properties and work in progress for extension of the business	942,559
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.	750,000
Capital, Reserve and Undivided Profits of Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,676,032
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	3,052,405
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,437,512
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Modern Aids to Beauty

Smooth, White Hands

BEAUTIFUL hands nowadays do not depend so much upon their shape as on the way they are kept. Naturally, if they are long and slender, it is an advantage, but even that is of little account if they are ragged about the nails. To begin with, they should be washed in lukewarm rather than hot water, with absolutely pure soap, and for people who have a tendency to chilblains, it is a good plan to rinse them in cold water before drying them with a soft towel. An emollient hand lotion, rubbed in after washing, is essential, as it prevents chapping, while at night they should be massaged in the same way as the complexion, with skin food. This will help to keep them young, especially if attention is paid to the knuckles, which thicken with age. One good exercise is to rotate each finger in turn and then bend them to and fro, so that they do not have a chance of getting stiff.

The Home Manicure

WHEN it comes to manicuring the nails, it is best, of course, to have them done professionally, but since this is rather a luxury, here are a few hints for home treatment. Always file and never cut the nails, lest they become coarse and brittle. Actually the latter may come from acidity, when a doctor should be consulted, but in the ordinary way, a little cuticle oil rubbed in at night will prevent them from breaking, and soften the cuticle at the same time. Another good plan is to soak the nails once a week in warm olive oil. With regard to polishes, there are numerous ones to choose from. Both cream and powder are good, though perhaps liquid varnishes are more generally used, since they last longer. Those with an oil basis are best for brittle nails, and naturally every trace of old polish should be removed before applying a fresh coat. It is advisable here to use an oil-remover. When painting the nails leave the half-moons and the tips free, and allow the first application to dry thoroughly before applying a second.

Lovely hands require as much care and attention as the complexion, since they reveal the advancing years more than anything. Daily massage with a really good skin food will keep them soft and white, while gentle exercises go a long way to maintaining their suppleness

Deus ex Machinâ *(Continued from p. 192)*

But the jam was to go further round than he dreamed.

MR. JOHN PELLEY the next morning (a bright, sunny one after the deluge of the previous day) walked briskly towards the station, his mind intensely preoccupied with a case of some intricacy in which he was appearing as defending solicitor that afternoon. But that odd corner of his mind which conducted his unconscious actions was by no means similarly preoccupied: it was merely counting — counting lamp-posts — and when it had counted six it nudged that portion of Mr. Pelley's brain which controlled his muscular actions, to remind it that presently a smart rap was to be delivered at lamp-post number seven. And in a few moments, obedient to that reminder, Mr. Pelley smote with his cane and, owing to the intervention of Mr. Tom Sayers, lorry driver to the cheese-paring Phipps Bros., he smote the air. There are few things more disturbing than to strike at a solid body and miss, and Mr. Pelley was disturbed to the point of an abrupt halt in his progress and a wild stare about him. He then perceived the hole left by the felled lamp-post. But he perceived far more than that, for his startled gaze, flickering this way and that, was caught and held by the alluring picture of Miss Jessie Nancarrow smiling from the window of the big villa. Smiling is an understatement of her emotional display; she was, indeed, laughing, but it was, and Mr. Pelley decidedly thought so, a most adorable laugh.

He did his best to achieve a smile and passed on; but it must be admitted that for some considerable time the interests of his client in the intricate legal case had no place at all in his mind.

The next morning a new lamp-post reared its freshly-painted self in the place of its unfortunate predecessor. Mr. Pelley gave it a perfunctory glance, but did not attempt to strike it; more important matters were afoot; he glanced up at the window hopefully, and, with a slightly quickening pulse, found that his hope was not to be disappointed. There stood, smiling most charmingly, the alluring young woman whose image had occupied a considerable proportion of his mind during the past twenty-four hours. He smiled in return and, greatly daring, raised his smart bowler-hat before passing on.

The least romantic imagination will by now have achieved the jump forward to wedding bells and a honeymoon. But the matter-of-fact chronicler cannot go so far: he can merely record that some six months later, at half-past nine in the evening, Mr. John Pelley and Miss Jessie Nancarrow were, in Shakespearean phrase, clipping and embracing and bussing with immense satisfaction and discussing that exciting event of the near future which would change Miss Jessie Nancarrow into Mrs. John Pelley.

AND at that precise moment in time, when the longest kiss of all of them was putting a seal upon the affair, Mr. Tom Sayers, on the other side of London, having just finished his supper, was drawing his chair up to the fire, lighting his pipe, and preparing to listen to Emma concerning a letter which had just arrived.

"It's from Ernie," she smiled; and, catching her husband's amused glance, she went on: "it 's to say that he and Dolly are getting married Easter Saturday. Bless the boy! Isn't that nice, now, father?"

"Better wait and see," Tom said. "Proof o' the pudden 's in the eating, mother." He took his pipe from his mouth and blew out a cloud of smoke which he regarded for a long moment, and then said jovially: "Nice old matchmaker you are, mother! How many 's that? Six, ain't it? Six poor young fellers you 've done in for keeps!"

"Well, somebody 's got to help! It 's *your* turn next. Make it seven, that would."

"What, me?" with a broad grin: "sort of whatsisname Cupid or something? Look like it, don't I? Cheese it, mother!"

THE END.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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JANUARY

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American Agents: International News Company, New York. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

GETTING MARRIED

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Gates — Lyons

Terence Gates, younger son of Dr. E. A. Gates, of 9, Cambridge Square, and the late Mrs. Gates, and Margery Lyons, daughter of Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Lyons, of 3, York Terrace, Regent's Park, were married at Chelsea Old Church

Marriott — Salmon

Barbara Rosemary Salmon, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Balliol Salmon, of 9, South Parade, W.4, was married at St. George's, Hanover Square, to J. Marriott, elder son of the late Sir Hayes and Lady Marriott

Spriggs — MacIntosh

At St. John's Church, Perth, the wedding took place between Sir Edmund Spriggs, K.C.V.O., of Ruthin Castle, North Wales, and Janet Macpherson MacIntosh, eldest daughter of the late William MacIntosh, M.V.O., and Mrs. MacIntosh, of the Old Parsonage, Dunning, Perthshire

Lewthwaite — Edmonds

At the Riverside Church in New York, Margaret Edmonds, daughter of Mr. Harry Edmonds, of New York, was married to Rainald Gilfrid Lewthwaite, son of the late Sir William Lewthwaite, Bart., and Lady Lewthwaite, of Broadgate, Broughton-in-Furness

Daniel — Thomson

John Stuart Daniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Daniel, of the Red House, St. Peter's-in-Thanet, and Juliet Thomson, only daughter of Mr. Bernard Thomson and the late Mrs. Thomson, and a niece of Sir Wilfred Thomson, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

GETTING MARRIED (Continued)

Lenare

Beryl Lockwood

Of 38, Crompton Court, Brompton Road, is the elder daughter of the late Charles Barrett Lockwood, F.R.C.S., and the late Mrs. Herbert Williamson; she is engaged to Graham Dollar, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dollar, of 13, Hyde Park Square

Hay Wrightson

Mary Leyborne Popham

Is engaged to Dr. John Henry Stothert, only son of the late Sir Percy Stothert, K.B.E., and Lady Stothert, of Mount Beacon, Bath; she is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leyborne Popham, of Hunstrete House, Pensford, Somerset

Bassano

Winifred Waterhouse

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Battle Waterhouse, of Wallasey, Cheshire; her engagement is announced to Ivor Ingram, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ingram, of the Grange, Benenden, Kent

Lenare

Betty Bishop

Is the younger daughter of the late Hugh Bishop, and Mrs. Hope-Johnstone, of 27, Queensborough Terrace, W.; she is engaged to Richard Archibald McComas, elder son of the late Major Archibald McComas, and Mrs. McComas

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Evans

Is engaged to Captain Charles Dalton, elder son of the late Major-General J. Dalton, and Mrs. Dalton, of the Hutts, Grewelthorpe, Ripon; she is the only daughter of Mrs. McCartney, Amberley Court, Monmouth

Navana

Phyllis Shirtcliffe

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Shirtcliffe, of Warmington Road, Herne Hill; she is engaged to John Brabant Nunn, younger son of Mr. Westby Nunn, of Hill Castle, Wexford

Pearl Freeman

Delia Harrison

Is the only daughter of Mrs. V. E. Harrison, of 9, Abingdon Gardens, W.8, and is engaged to J. F. Maffett, eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel R. E. and Mrs. Maffett, of Wellington Lodge, Maidenhead

Pearl Freeman

Virginia Young

Is the younger daughter of Sir George Young, Bart., and Lady Young, of Formosa Fishery, Cookham, Berks; she is engaged to Noel Kilpatrick Hutton, younger son of the late William Hutton and Mrs. Hutton, of Sevenoaks, Kent

Lenare

Lilian Power

Is engaged to Terence James Hamilton Black, only son of the late Rev. James Black, R.N., and Mrs. Paling, of 1, Mount Terrace, Taunton; she is the youngest daughter of Sir John Power, Bt., M.P., and Lady Power, of 38, Belgrave Square, S.W.1

Pearl Freeman

Joan Hanrahan

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Hanrahan, of Mellifont, Bromley, Kent; she is engaged to Louis Radonicich, son of Mr. and Mrs. Radonicich, of 29, Albert Hall Mansions, W.9

Pearl Freeman

Pamela Grogan

Is the only daughter of the late Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Grogan, of Alford, Bath; she is engaged to Anthony Powell, second son of the late Colonel Powell, D.S.O., and Mrs. Powell, of Rowberry House, Donhead, Shaftesbury

Swaine

Edith Margaret Wroth

Is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wroth, of Horsebridge, Stockbridge, Hants.; she is engaged to David William Hyde Gardner, only son of the late Major the Hon. and Mrs. Gardner

Douglas

Margaret Coleridge

Is the elder daughter of Lieut.-General Sir John Coleridge, K.C.B., and Lady Coleridge, of 16, Egerton Terrace, S.W.3; she is engaged to Reginald Jack Seligman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Seligman, of 23, Down St., W.

Kay Vaughan

Elizabeth Mackinnon

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Mackinnon, of 48, Grosvenor Square, W.; she is engaged to James Turnbull, only son of the late George Turnbull, and Mrs. Turnbull, of Feilding, New Zealand

Bassano

Rosemary Upcott

Is engaged to Dr. Raymond Firth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. B. Firth, of Auckland, New Zealand; she is the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Upcott, K.C.B., of 13, Bishopswood Road, N.6

Ticehurst — Dyer

Left: Geoffrey Norman Ticehurst, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Gerald A. Ticehurst, of London Road, St. Leonard's-on-Sea, and Dudley Phil Dyer, daughter of Mr. Arthur R. Dyer, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Right: Rachel Hilton Molesworth, of Ottery St. Mary, Devon, elder daughter of the late Rev. and Mrs. Molesworth, was married at the Chatham Royal Naval Chapel to Neil Alexander Mackinnon, second son of Mr. Donald Mackinnon and the late Mrs. Mackinnon, of Melbourne, Australia

Mackinnon — Molesworth

Ingram — Dupen

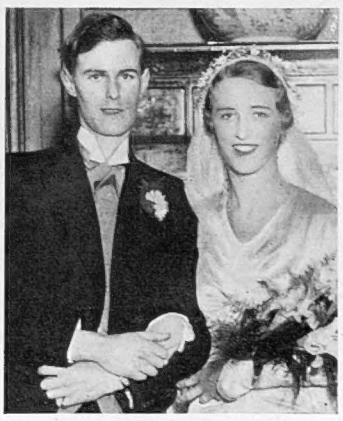
Dr. Mervyn Jerry Ingram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood Ingram, of the Grange, Benenden, Kent, married Joan Dupen, daughter of the late Engineer Captain A. P. L. Dupen and Mrs. E. G. K. Cross, of Whittlebury House, Towcester, at Chelsea Old Church

Dodds — Alston

William Ewart Dodds, only son of Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Dodds, of Gareloch, Prestwick, Ayrshire, and Rose Alston, elder daughter of the late Colonel Conyers Alston, of Stellenbosch, South Africa, and Mrs. Conyers Alston, were married at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Bacon — Ponsonby

Edmund Castell Bacon, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Bacon, of Raveningham Hall, Norwich, and Priscilla Dora Ponsonby, eldest daughter of Col. Ponsonby, M.P., and the Hon. Mrs. Ponsonby, were married at St. Dunstan's Church, Hunsdon. The groom is heir to the baronetcy of his uncle, Sir Hickman Bacon



Grylls — Hancock

Shadwell Harry Grylls, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Bere Grylls, of Mentone, formerly of Lewarne, Cornwall, and Mary Joyce Hancock, daughter of the late Dawbney Hancock and Mrs. Hancock, of Bicknoller, Somerset, were married at Wiveliscombe, Somerset

Blackadder — Farquharson

Anne Rosemary Farquharson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Farquharson, of Kingsdon, Taunton, was married at Kingsdon Church to Robert Prendergast Blackadder, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Blackadder, of Edinburgh

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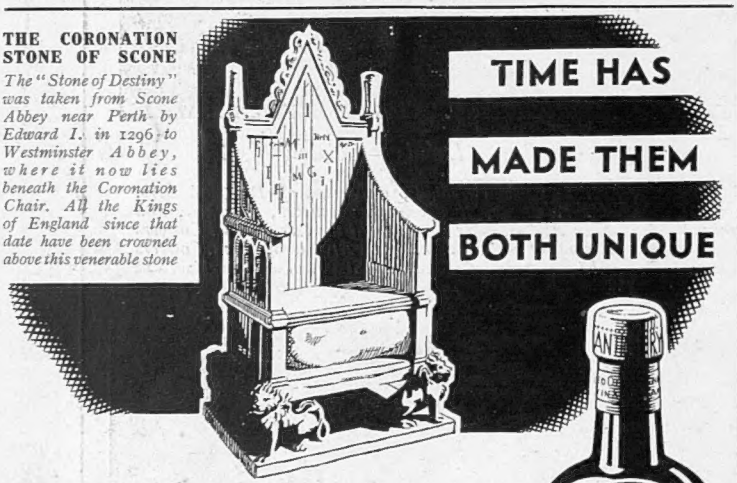

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THE Monte Carlo CALENDAR

Winter Season, 1936

JAN. 26	MONTE CARLO OPERA SEASON opens with Wagner's "Ring."
JAN. 29–FEB. 2	MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY.
FEB. 13	Monte Carlo Golf Club—The Windsor Challenge Cup.
FEB. 16	Tennis Competition for the Cup presented by T.S.H. Princess Antoinette and Prince Rainier of Monaco.
FEB. 19	Music—LISZT FESTIVAL, Conducted by George Georgesco.
FEB. 20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—Sporting Club Challenge Cup.
FEB. 21	Classical Concert, with Mlle. Erica Morini.
FEB. 22	Monte Carlo Opera—Gala Performance and Charity Ball.
FEB. 24–MARCH 1	MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB—GRAND INTERNATIONAL TENNIS TOURNAMENT.
FEB. 27	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Rivett-Carnac" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 1	Winter Sports—Annual Downhill Race at La Colmiane.
MARCH 4	Berlioz' Requiem, Conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos.
MARCH 5	Monte Carlo Golf Club—"Walter de Frece" Challenge Cup.
MARCH 6	Music—GALA CONCERT, Conducted by RICHARD STRAUSS.
MARCH 8	Winter Sports—Monte Carlo Ski Club Relay Race at Beuil.
MARCH 19–20	Monte Carlo Golf Club—THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE CUP.
MARCH 25	CLASSICAL CONCERT, with MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 27	GRAND RECITAL by MME. ELISABETH SCHUMANN.
MARCH 28	INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW.
APRIL 1	GALA CONCERT, with MME. LOTTE LEHMANN.
APRIL 2	Monte Carlo Theatre—OPENING OF THE BALLET SEASON.

THE MONTE CARLO MUSIC SEASON continues throughout April, during which month KREISLER will appear on two occasions. THE OPERA SEASON runs until the end of March, and amongst other distinguished Singers who will be heard are LILY PONS, AUTORI and CHALIAPINE. The Comedy and Operetta season also continues until the end of March at the Théâtre des Beaux Arts.

(The foregoing is only a brief summary of the more important events up to the beginning of April—the programme for January has already been published in earlier editions of the Calendar.)

Travel Arrangements

TRAIN (24 hours) 1st Class Return Fare, £19 5s.
Return Sleeper, £9 19s. 2d.
2nd Class Return Fare, £14 0s. 2d.
Return Sleeper, £8 17s. 10d.

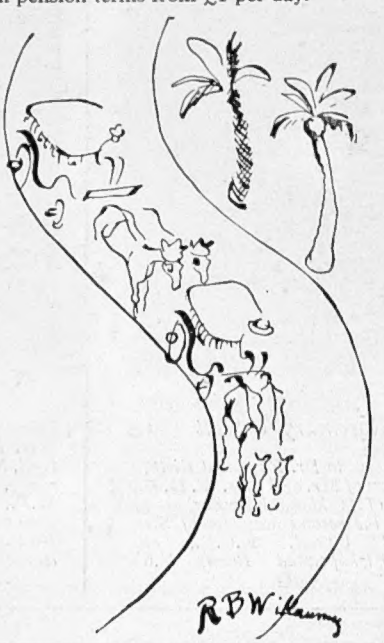
30-day Tickets are available on two days a week at a substantial reduction.

AIR (7 hours) Return Fare (to Mandelieu Aerodrome), £22 1s.

SEA (7 days) 1st Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £22.
2nd Class Return Fare (to Marseilles), £16.

HOTELS—HOTEL DE PARIS.—Full pension terms from 30s. per day.
HOTEL HERMITAGE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.
HOTEL METROPOLE.—Full pension terms from £1 per day.

At each of these hotels visitors enjoy the advantage of the "pension tournante," which is an arrangement permitting them to take their meals either at the Café de Paris or the International Sporting Club as an alternative to their Hotel Restaurant. There are other good hotels to suit every purse, where full pension terms can be arranged from 10s. per day. Full particulars from Messrs. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., and all travel agencies.



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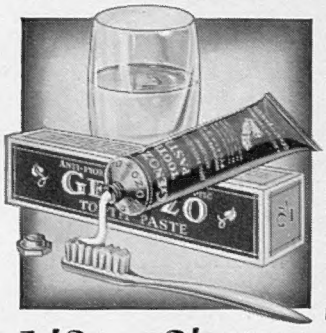

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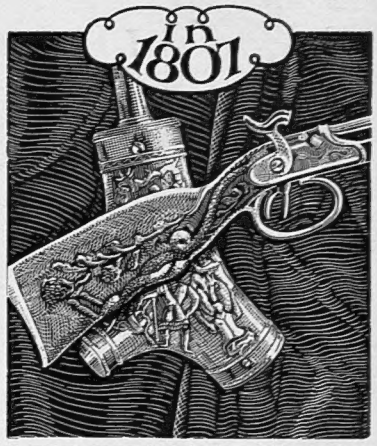

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